THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MARCH 15, 1902

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An Illustrated Weekly Magazine Founded Ao Di 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Drang Nach Osten!

The War Cry of German Empire in the East

By Senator Beveridge

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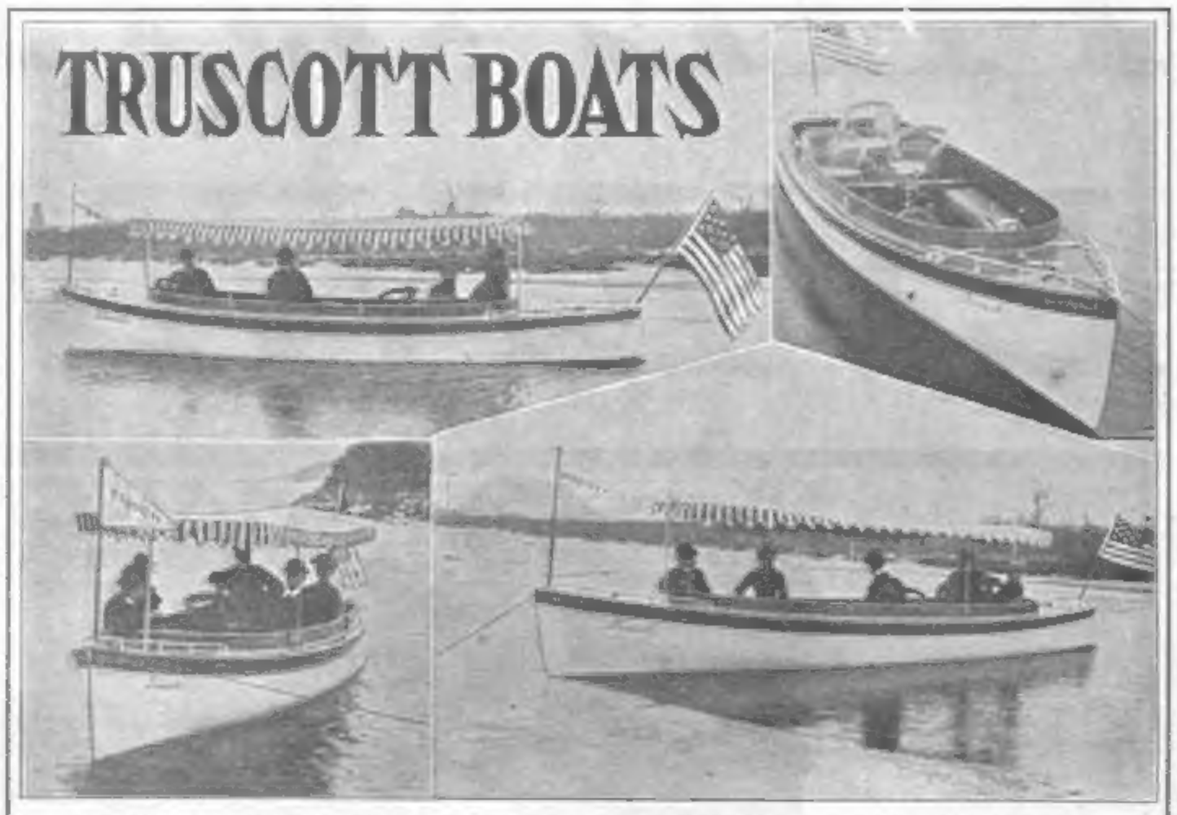

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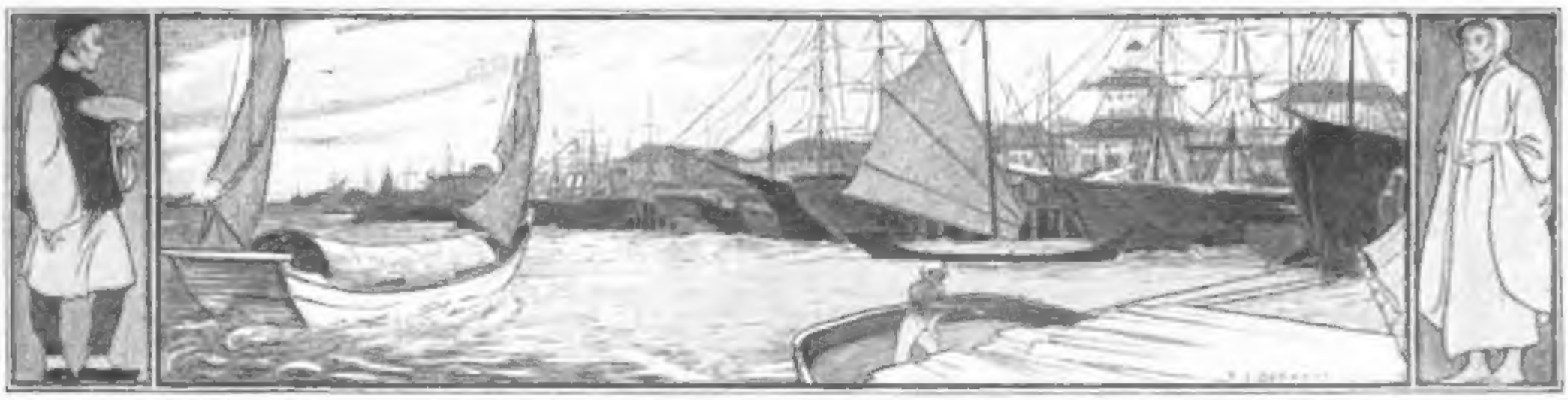
The War Cry of German Empire in the East



By Albert J. Beveridge, United States Senator from Indiana

ONLY two Powers are making substantial headway in China as evidenced by physical accomplishments on the ground. For ten years none but these two nations has accomplished permanent results which you can see with your eye, upon which you can put your finger. The first of these Powers is Russia, a suggestion of whose material and constructive advance has been inadequately given in these papers. But the building of her Manchurian Railroad is not the limit of her activity. When that enormous terminus of the Siberian Road is completed Russia will have harnessed Asia to her chariot with traces of steel, but to make Asia move, to subdue, to train, to guide the Orient, will require time, patience and ceaselessly steady effort.

And these three elements are the very ones which are richest in Russian character. Russia knows the incomparable effect of carefully cultivated public opinion—the autocracy of precedent, even in the most absolute of autocracies. Therefore her diplomatic and consular agencies together with those of the French are fountains of subtle influence all over the Celestial Empire. She knows the importance of banking institutions as fosterers of trade and power among Eastern peoples, and therefore the Russo-Chinese Bank is weaving a network of financial influence throughout the Far East. Starting from St. Petersburg, this golden nerve of empire stretches across Siberia with a ganglion at every town; spreads over Manchuria again with a centre at Harbin, one at Mukden, at Port Arthur, at Dalni, at New-Chwang; enters Peking where it gathers fresh power and impetus from Mr. Pokotieff, the remarkable head of the Russo-Chinese Bank at that place; stretches southward again to Shanghai, pausing at Che-Foo on the way; crosses the Yellow Sea and runs the circuit of Japan with headquarters at Yokohama; doubles on itself and finally ends with an aggressive agency at Hongkong, the very headquarters of England's Oriental power and activity. The Russo-Chinese Bank deserves a chapter to itself; the limits of this paper permit no adequate analysis. It is mentioned here only in the summary of Russia's Oriental preparations.

The Shadow on the Face of the Lands

The other Power making commercial and territorial progress in China is Germany. Its visible activity and apparent results are far superior at the present moment even to those of Russia. Two years ago the writer was surprised and startled upon observing, on a careful trip through China, the seeming predominance everywhere of German commerce as manifested in immediate activity. In the summer of 1901, the increase in the externalizations of German influence would not have been believed but for actual sight and hearing and the testimony of the physical senses—yes, and the testimony of that sum of physical senses, the witness of that indefinable psychic suggestion which we in America express by saying "the drift of things," or "it is in the air." For, all over China, Germany is "in the air."

You will remember that attention was called to the fact that at Nikolsk the principal merchants of that commercial and military centre were Germans, and that Germans even supplied the builders of the Manchurian Railroad with provisions. At Port Arthur, the great German firm of Kuntz & Albers are said to employ forty young Germans in their establishment. In Vladivostok Kuntz & Albers have enormous headquarters, and there is not a department store in Washington whose building surpasses the handsome structure which this German firm has in Blagovestchensk, Siberia.

The same thing is true of China itself. In Tien-Tsin, perhaps the first commercial foreign house—certainly the second—is the North China branch of the great firm of Carlowitz & Co. In Canton, at the other end of the Empire, by far the most active commercial establishment is the South China branch of this immense trading establishment. In Shanghai, the clearing house of the whole Celestial Empire, German activity is aggressive, omnipresent, persistent.

In the late summer of 1901 more German flags were counted in the water-front before the bund at Shanghai than those of any other nation, and that is a phenomenon which only five years ago an Englishman would have assured you would be an utter impossibility under any circumstances or at any time. The carrying trade of the Far East is passing into German hands with a rapidity which would alarm the former English monopolists of this great business were it not for the strange stupor which seems to have seized the English mind and numbed the English nerve everywhere. (We must admit this while we grieve over it.) It is less than ten years ago—not more than five years ago—since the unrivaled passenger line of Eastern waters was the great English Peninsular and Oriental Company. Nobody calls it unrivaled to-day. There are no Oriental steamship lines which compare with the great and splendid ships of the North German Lloyd's Oriental fleet.

The Yang-tse River might as well be a narrow estuary of the ocean, so wide, so deep, so navigable for great ships is it for almost a thousand miles into the heart of China. It is the artery of commerce through which flows the blood of foreign trade into the richest and most populated portion of the Empire. The carrying trade upon this river was, until five years ago, almost exclusively in the hands of the English. To-day, the Germans almost equal, if indeed they do not surpass, their British competitors in the tonnage which they own on the Yang-tse River. English ship-owners are selling their lines—their German competitors are buying them.

The above is only an index—the counting of a few items of German commercial activity in China. A full and careful description would require a volume in itself. But an examination of the causes, which are few and fundamental, may reasonably be given within the limits of these discussions. Before taking them up, however, let us notice Germany's territorial, diplomatic and military activity on the ground.

A Masterful Figure in Chinese Affairs

Perhaps at no spot in any country could as picturesque an interior have been seen as the dining-room of the principal hotel at Tien-Tsin in the late summer of 1901. It was the place where the officers of the European Powers assembled for their evening dinner, and for their smoke and gossip and relaxation on the tropical verandas afterward. The English were there, of course; proud, clean, charming examples of that incomparable product, the Anglo-Saxon gentleman. The French were there, and the Italian (and Italy certainly sent the very pick and flower of her physical manhood), and the Austrian, and everybody else; but, over all, conspicuously the master figure was the German. The whole atmosphere of Tien-Tsin was German. One or two German officers had brought their wives with them, beautiful, blond, vivacious creatures. Every German man and woman in the Orient is imperial in bearing, manner and purpose. Their veins seem to be filled with the wine-like blood of German supremacy. Every officer, every diplomat, every consul is the German Emperor in miniature.

"I tell you frankly," said a resident American at Tien-Tsin, and by far the best-informed American in China—"I tell you frankly, whatever the newspapers may say and whatever the diplomatic phrases may be, the real, substantial power here is Germany, and perhaps Russia. The German's bearing of insolent superiority, with the constant reminder that the mailed hand is back of every demand, impresses the Chinaman far more than it angers him, *for he respects nothing but power*." When my American friend said that, he gave the key which unlocks the secrets of every Oriental's heart. It was not a new discovery. It was merely saying over again what every foreign student of Asiatic peoples has said since the very beginning of Oriental investigation by modern peoples.

The barracks of the German "legation guard" at Tien-Tsin are very permanent structures, very large and very numerous, and apparently are sufficient for many thousand men. They impress the observer as garrison buildings more than as the quarters of the diplomatic guard. At Shanghai, in the summer of 1901, a considerable force of German soldiers was landed; the best ground in Shanghai was "leased" and the erection of permanent barracks begun, and by this time they undoubtedly are finished. At the same time the English General, who had been ordered to Shanghai with the understanding that he was to remain at least two years at that post, was ordered away. But, of course, the focus of German military and constructive activity is Kiaochow and the Shangtung Province midway between Shanghai and Tien-Tsin. The story of this feature of German advance in China has been told before in the papers. The miracle wrought in the brief years of German occupation justifies the bold step taken by Emperor William.

Not with Musket Alone Comes the German

Neither recorded history nor vague tradition tells of a period of such prosperity, of a time of such good wages in that vicinity, as the inhabitants of Kiaochow and the surrounding country have enjoyed since the German came among them. For he came, not with his musket alone, not equipped with bayonet, sword and cannon only; but, as with the Russian in Manchuria, he came with spade and axe and plane and saw, and all the building implements of peace. He has promised himself that he will reproduce England's miracle at Hongkong in Germany's miracle at Tsing-tau. (And let it be repeated again that in less than fifty years a barren rock, rising from the water with a few huts of starving Chinese fishermen clinging like crabs to its base, has been transformed into one of the greatest ports and one of the most beautiful cities in all the world. Such has been the Englishman's work in Hongkong. And be it remembered, too, that when the work began and while it was in progress it was denounced by English "statesmen" in Parliament, and its failure predicted by "economists" of almost every other nation.)

In Tsing-tau Germany has erected modern buildings, modern storehouses, modern everything. By far the best hotel but one in all the Orient—the Prince Heinrich Hotel—stands where a filthy hovel, made of a paste of disease and

Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in Senator Beveridge's series on commercial and diplomatic conditions in the Far East. The fifth paper will appear in an early number.

mud, housed wretched Chinamen less than five years ago. The railroad runs around the Bay of Kiaochow itself. The sandy hills are being reclaimed with forests planted by the hands of scientific foresters from the Fatherland. A work of beauty, of cleanliness, of system, order, industry is being wrought by the determined Teuton at this forbidding and unwelcome gateway to a province whose twenty millions of inhabitants are yet to be told of the great world outside, and yet to be brought in human, civilizing, saving contact with their brother human beings. Meanwhile, slowly and yet quite as rapidly as the yellow hands can do the work, the iron and steel nerves of the railway creep into the interior toward the mountains, where coal and iron and other minerals await the hand of enterprise to make those cliffs and hills of poverty a second Pennsylvania. And with the road goes the German soldier. Any interference with a bolt, the loosening of a plate that fastens rail to rail, the undermining of a single tie, means punishment; and that is something the Chinaman understands. And so it is that, with the progress of this highway of commerce and civilization, order goes and system and peace.

"The German people will soon sicken and tire of this disgusting enterprise. Think of the millions they have spent; think of the millions more they must invest, and think of the trifling returns." So spoke an English critic of the German enterprise in Shangtung. When this was mentioned to a vigorous German merchant in Tien-Tsin he laughed his great, hearty, vital German laugh and said: "What nonsense! A factory has to establish its plant before it can make any goods, has it not? It must send out its advertisements before it can get others to buy its goods, must it not? And from the time of its establishment to the time the profits begin to come is always a long period. Well, Germany is establishing her plant in the Orient. Take the railroad in Shangtung. I am a merchant. I do not expect always to stay here. I am here to make money for myself. Ah yes! and to extend German trade wherever I can, too, I admit. Well, with this purely commercial end in view, I am investing my money in the Shangtung Railroad. I am investing in it because, after careful examination, I am confident of profitable returns and I shall stay right with it till the profitable returns come. I shall help them to come. All Germans will help them to come. The Government will help them to come."

English at Tennis While Germans Work

This conversation occurred at six o'clock in the evening. A visit at five o'clock to the first English commercial office of Tien-Tsin found the offices shut, clerks and managers gone for the day. But the German commercial house was not shut; the German clerks had not departed for the day. They were at their desks; they were about the "go-downs" (warehouses), and the manager of the great business, collarless, in shirt-sleeves, vast and brawny, a very riot of masculinity, sat working away, with sweaty brow and moist face, in his little office.

"Yes, I think it perhaps is one secret of our success," said he; "we never cease to work. The Englishman must have his time for tennis. You must not push him too hard during business hours either. He must have his relaxation in the evening. He must drink at the club. He must spend his social hours in pleasant converse with the ladies. None of those for the Germans. We are a humbler race. We are here for work. That is the first thing we are here for, and the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth thing that we are here for is work also."

Two years before, at Canton, an English and American house (the successor of the famous Russell & Co., the American merchant princes of the Far East fifty years ago) closed at four o'clock. A pleasant excursion on the river was taken until about the hour of six when the English foreign "Club" was visited. Englishmen, foreigners of every nationality, were at the club, drinking as only Europeans in the Orient drink. Foreigners—that is, except Germans; *not a German was present.* But the Canton branch of that immense German company, Carlowitz & Co., occupied the building next to the club. Every window was lighted up; and when the club was left, a half-hour later, at every window was seen a German clerk in shirt-sleeves bending over his desk, writing, figuring, casting up accounts as though that was the last day before the judgment. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." This and other such quotations crowded through the mind, and the history-old explanation of failure and success was plain.

"Oh yes, we sell other goods than German goods, of course. We sell any goods of any nationality. We ourselves are the agents in North China for Armstrong & Co. (the great English manufacturers); we are agents of many English firms. We are agents even for some American lines of goods. If we cannot sell German goods, as we prefer to do, we will sell any goods we can. Ultimately it is good for Germany to have American goods or English goods or any other kind of goods pass through German hands. With us, individual trade and individual profit are the main things. The trade of the German Empire is a secondary thing. We do not neglect it, mind you. A difference between us and the English and French, and also the Americans, is that they are each merely looking out for their own individual selfish interests without the slightest thought of whether or no the trade of America or England or France is adversely affected. Well, we are not. Though we are here for individual gain and individual profit, the extension of German commerce and the trade of the Empire is a real, living and actual consideration with us also. The Government helps us and we help the Government."

The Government *is* helping. The German steamship lines to the Orient are subsidized heavily. It is said, and upon sufficient authority to warrant belief, that even the German coastwise and river lines in China receive Government aid. A line is maintained between Shanghai and Tien-Tsin by the help of the German Government. All ships of this line stop at Kiaochow, and a weekly round-trip service is maintained between that German colony and Shanghai. These ships are quite as good as any engaged in Oriental coastwise trade.

Again, the feeling has been created in the Orient that the official authorities of Germany may be relied on by personal effort and every other possible means to aid German merchants in any piece of business they may have on hand. Every German merchant, contractor or promoter feels free to call for the active and energetic assistance of all German consuls, and the active energy and eagerness of the German consular force compels the admiration of all observers. It is as aggressive as the American Consular Service, with perhaps the additional advantage of special training.

China's Respect for the Strong Hand

Germany, too, is ingenious and insistent in creating an impression on the Oriental mind that she is the world's superior Power. Wherever there is an excuse for the display of military force German soldiery is seen. The writer never visited, on two extended trips to China, a single Chinese port in which one or more German warships were not found. The German military element was so predominant in Shanghai in the summer of 1901 that a casual and uninstructed traveler might have been excused for thinking it a German colony. No one who knows the peculiar practical quality of the German mind will believe for an instant that all of this is for mere show. It is the working out of a carefully evolved theory about China and its inhabitants, and Orientals in general. With the same patience with which their scientists have evolved working theories, the stolid patience with which they have developed and put into practice theories of navigation, the German has developed his theories of the Oriental mind and character, and bases his treatment upon it. In a word, that theory is that the only two things which the Oriental mind understands are a plain demand and overwhelming force. The German does not believe that the Chinaman is grateful for special favors shown him. *The German theory is that the strong hand is the only thing an Asiatic respects.* Therefore, everywhere the German bayonet, everywhere the German uniform, and everywhere German ships of war; and now there is the beginning of another "everywhere;" and that "everywhere" is German barracks.

How does all this affect German trade? (The writer expressly disclaims the expression of opinion here as to the soundness or otherwise of the German theory. This is a mere record of facts.) Alongside of the military phenomenon just noticed is a growth of German trade in the East quite unequaled in its rapidity. In Hongkong the most active and with one exception the largest commercial houses are German. German clocks were found in Chinamen's shops, German buttons, German knives. In Shanghai there are thirty-one German firms, some of which, like Arnhold, Karberg & Co. and Carlowitz & Co., are immense establishments with branches at every treaty port in the Empire. Though the report and returns of trade issued by the China Imperial Maritime Customs show the great bulk of trade at this central port to be still English, there is nevertheless a falling off of English and a rapid advance of German importation. And it is claimed that the reports are not accurate. An estimate was given me from a supposedly reliable source, which had been secretly made, and which showed eighty per cent. in value of the foreign goods actually carried on all boats upon the Yang-tse River to be German. Reliable as the source of this information was, however, I could not bring myself to believe it. But the striking increase of German commerce on every hand is admitted.

"But does not this constant military menace of Germany interfere with her trade? Does it not anger the Chinaman? Is it not natural that this people should buy of those they like rather than of those they hate?" were questions asked of the leading American merchant in China and one of the best-informed men in the Empire. "Naturally one would think so," he replied, "but it is not true. Chinamen come to us and abuse the German with words, but go to him and buy his goods. So far from decreasing German trade, this military reputation which they are working so hard for is the best advertisement they could have with Chinese customers."

Germany's Share When the Spoils are Divided

And this is what another American said in Tien-Tsin: "The patting of the Chinaman on the back does not win his favor. The Chinaman likes to trade with the 'big man' whoever he is. And to him, the 'big man' is the *man who has the most power.* Whether this is correct or not, you can observe for yourself the progress Germany is making." A German commercial authority in Shanghai, speaking on this very point, said: "The German flag is coming to be a commercial asset to every one of us Germans who does business in the Orient (precisely what Cecil Rhodes said about the British flag in South Africa). Look at that water-front and tell me, What flag is most numerous? The German. What soldiers do you see most on the streets? German. What officers are most conspicuous on the bund in evening? The German. Well, I am a merchant and look at this thing purely from the point of view of dollars and cents, but all of that is so valuable to me that I should be willing to pay my proportionate share to have it continue and increase. We are respected now; formerly we were not. Twelve years ago the word German was a term of reproach; to-day it is a term of respect. Every place you hear the word German, German, German. We have created the peculiar condition of mind which your great American department stores succeed in creating when everybody gets to talking about them, and, therefore, everybody gets to going to them. However wrong our views may be in the abstract, you see for yourself that they work very well."

Another commercial German of substance and information made a statement of German intention concerning the incalculably rich trading district of the great Yang-tse Valley which confirmed a general and growing suspicion that, until now, has hardly been breathed louder than in a whisper. "Do you think China will be partitioned?" was asked. "Will be! Why, it *is* being partitioned. The division is actually going on. When tens of millions of dollars are being expended in great railroad properties, and the right to build great railroads as an incident thereto is conceded—as is universally the case—the Power creating those improvements becomes a dominant influence in that province. It is perfectly immaterial whether boundaries are actually staked out or not, or that the little flag of the controlling Power is stuck to each surveying stake. It is of no consequence what terms are employed. The fact is the thing."

"I suppose, then, that you mean that Russia will ultimately have Manchuria?"

"Yes."

"That Germany will have Shangtung?"

"Yes."

"That perhaps Russia and Germany will divide Chili?" (Peking and Tien-Tsin are located in this province.)

"Yes."

"That England will have the Yang-tse Valley?"

With flashing eyes, shoulders suddenly thrown back, he smote his desk with his clenched fist and almost shouted: "Never! never! German interests in the Yang-tse are already too great for it ever to fall within the sphere of any other nation's exclusive influence. We have landed soldiers here in Shanghai. They will stay. Others will be stationed farther up the river if necessary; and they will remain. No, the Yang-tse Valley is as much the sphere of Germany as it is of England."

And no one can breathe the atmosphere of the Orient very long without becoming convinced that the old German spoke the truth. And yet the Yang-tse has been thought to be securely English. England and Russia have actually agreed, the first not to interfere with any present or future Russian railway enterprise north of the Great Wall, and the latter, in like manner, not to interfere with any present or future English railway enterprise in the Yang-tse Valley. But it is thought that Germany will never permit this vast and opulent region to become exclusively English for purposes of commerce, and the activities of the Russians in Hankow, on the Yang-tse River, eight hundred miles from the ocean directly into the heart of China, justifies the belief that the Russians will not, either.

The Door Held Open by International Jealousies

These two circumstances have their bright side, because they are substantial, militant, fighting guarantees, for the present at least, that the open door in China is to be kept open. That is to say, the door is kept ajar by the jealousies and conflicting interests of the partitioning Powers and not by their agreement. Could this be overcome, the partition which is already proceeding might culminate at a comparatively early day. It might even be accomplished in twenty-five years—yes, in ten years, or even less. Manchuria is already Russian if the Czar wishes it. Shangtung is already Germany's "sphere of influence," and is coming more and more, each day, under the material control of the Kaiser. The great portion of China opposite Formosa, which now belongs to Japan, has been staked out as the territory of Japanese predominant influence. If the Yang-tse Valley were conceded to England little more would be left to do in accomplishing the partition of China. Freedom of trade of other nations with German, Russian, Japanese or English provinces, and the admission of goods, would then become matters of separate agreement with the respective controlling Powers. It is not to be supposed that Germany will spend millions of dollars to create conditions of commerce in a populous territory and then throw that commerce open equally to those of other nations, which have not expended a cent, upon the same terms as herself. There is nothing in the history of Russia to show that, after the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars in creating the possibilities of modern commerce, she will then yield that commerce to competitors who are better equipped commercially. Indeed, there is nothing in the history of human nature to justify such a belief.

The motives and purposes of nations are to be observed from conditions and not from traditions. Therefore, those who expect England to continue her colonial policy of the free and equal access of all the world to those regions which her energy and money have opened to the world's commerce are hardly warranted in such opinion. Why was it that England said, "Where my flag is planted trade is free"? Why was it that she insisted upon all the treaty ports of China being open to every other nation on the same terms as herself? What was the reason for that shrewd but also statesmanlike policy? Admitting that many English statesmen championing this noble proposition were inspired by humanitarian reasons, the real reason must be found in very practical commercial considerations. For a long time—indeed, up to fifteen years ago—England was the workshop of the world. She made the world's goods. There was no other nation which could compete with her. Therefore, it was to her interest to champion free ports and open doors, because in such ports and upon such apparently equal terms with the rest of the world she was in effect beyond competition. Nobody could make goods as cheaply as she could. Nobody could make goods as well as she could. Indeed, comparatively speaking, nobody could make goods at all for export except herself. On the other hand, her one need was raw material. And so from the two elements of unsurpassed facility for manufacturing, rendering her unrivaled in the field of commercial progress, and her absolute want of and necessity for raw materials, was compounded her policy of the open door and free ports.

(Concluded on Page 18)

To Young Men Beginning Business

By General William A. Bancroft

Chances for Street Railway Men

President of the Boston Elevated Railway Company

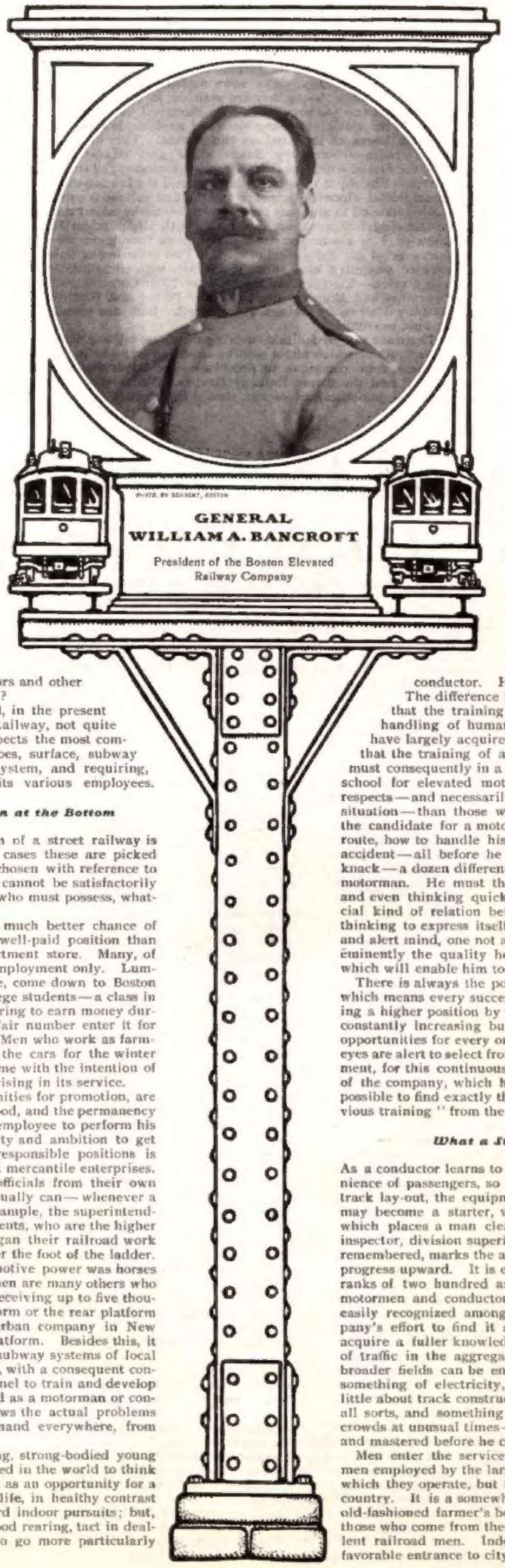
TO MOST persons a big street railway system is a gigantic mechanism by means of which passengers are conveyed from place to place along certain definite routes. It is judged almost solely from the mechanical point of view, and seldom is anything taken into account except the machinelike precision with which its organization is expected to operate. The personal element, which is of supreme importance, is either forgotten or but lightly considered.

The success and efficiency of a railway system are, of course, limited and controlled by its capital, revenue, resources and equipment, and the physical conditions under which it is operated; but more important and fundamental than these are the character and quality of the men who actually plan, direct and perform the service which the public receives—the men, that is, who lend it character and efficiency, but to whose labor and service so little attention is paid by the average passenger.

A person disposed to inquire into the human factor in street railroading might ask where all these fairly well-trained, fairly efficient, fairly civil motormen, conductors, guards and the rest, come from; and how a sufficient number of them is secured. How are they trained for the responsibilities resting upon them—responsibilities far beyond those of the average clerk in even important offices; responsibilities that call for judgment, patience, tact and quickness of thought in the daily routine of their duties as well as in meeting sudden emergencies where both life and property are sometimes at stake?

Again, what inducements does this business offer a young man for an honorable career of achievement? Is there an opportunity for motormen, conductors and other subordinates to rise to higher positions of responsibility?

For the most part these questions must be answered, in the present article, from the standpoint of the Boston Elevated Railway, not quite the largest in the country, to be sure, but in many respects the most complicated and the most diversified, including, as it does, surface, subway and elevated lines joined in a single comprehensive system, and requiring, therefore, an unusual variety of abilities among its various employees.



Opportunities for Young Men Who Will Begin at the Bottom

The ordinary public conception of the car-service men of a street railway is erroneous in that it fails to recognize that in nearly all cases these are picked men—a relatively small number selected from many, chosen with reference to their physical and mental ability to perform work that cannot be satisfactorily accomplished except by men of peculiar fitness—men who must possess, whatever their position, a fair share of real ability.

But the motorman or conductor who is fit stands a much better chance of getting ahead and finally attaining a responsible and well-paid position than does the average clerk, let us say, in the average department store. Many, of course, enter the street railway service for temporary employment only. Lumbermen, for example, after passing the winters in Maine, come down to Boston in considerable numbers for the summer months. College students—a class in which Boston and the neighboring towns abound—desiring to earn money during vacation, are often attracted to the service, and a fair number enter it for a longer period—some of whom remain permanently. Men who work as farmhands during the summer often seek employment on the cars for the winter months. The great bulk of the employees, however, come with the intention of casting their lot permanently with the company, and of rising in its service.

The attractions of the service, aside from the opportunities for promotion, are that the work is healthy, the hours reasonable, the pay good, and the permanency of the work dependent entirely upon the ability of the employee to perform his duties satisfactorily. For those who possess the ability and ambition to get ahead, the possibility of attaining higher and more responsible positions is greater and the rewards of success larger than in most mercantile enterprises.

All well-managed companies select their operating officials from their own employees, if suitable men can be found—as they usually can—whenever a vacancy occurs or an office is created. In Boston, for example, the superintendent of transportation and all of the division superintendents, who are the higher officials immediately concerned in running the cars, began their railroad work upon the platforms of the cars or in positions even nearer the foot of the ladder. One was a hostler in the stables at the time when the motive power was horses and not electricity. Immediately subordinate to these men are many others who began in the same way—in all several hundred men receiving up to five thousand dollars a year salary who began on the front platform or the rear platform of the cars. The president of the most extensive interurban company in New England began his street railway experience on the platform. Besides this, it must be borne in mind that the surface, elevated and subway systems of local transportation in this country are expanding enormously, with a consequent constant draft on the services of the already existing personnel to train and develop fresh forces of employees. And the man who has started as a motorman or conductor and has worked his way to the front—who knows the actual problems of a situation, in other words—is in increasing demand everywhere, from Oregon to Georgia.

It would be well, therefore, for any bright, enterprising, strong-bodied young man just beginning to look around for a chance to succeed in the world to think seriously of the street railway service in our big cities as an opportunity for a career. In the beginning, at any rate, it is an outdoor life, in healthy contrast with the apparent trend of most young Americans toward indoor pursuits; but, unlike some forms of outdoor employment, education, good rearing, tact in dealing with men, and other qualities that are supposed to go more particularly with an indoor life, are of genuine importance.

Not every man can get a position on the cars. One must first of all, of course, be physically capable in order that the hours of standing may not expose weak points hitherto unsuspected. A sound body and steady nerves are indispensable. Both eyesight and hearing must be perfect. One's range of vision must be normal, and, for the Boston service, there can be no suspicion of color-blindness. In respect to character, the qualities required are—as in every business involving the assumption of responsibility and the handling of money—the four cardinal virtues of honesty, temperance, industry and perseverance. If distinctions should be attempted, one might say that the quality peculiarly essential in a conductor is that of tact. A little patience, a little diplomacy and a little firmness often serve to restore order out of confusion, or smooth over a difficult personal situation. In every case the company stands behind the conductor in his honest enforcement of its rules, provided neither the conduct nor the words of the employee are such as may reasonably give offense. No company could obtain from its men the work it does—or could send them to the car platform with the equipment of self-respect which is necessary for the performance of that work—if it were not absolutely just in protecting them from whim, ill temper and arrogance. On the other hand, of course, a breach of the regulations, rudeness or impatience will bring prompt rebuke and discipline.

In some ways the position of motorman, especially upon the elevated lines which are gradually being required by the growing congestion in the large American cities, is more important than that of the conductor. His preliminary training is stricter and more technical. The difference in the two duties may perhaps be explained by saying that the training of a conductor contributes to his development in the handling of human emergencies, so to speak—a training which he must have largely acquired from his own experience in dealing with men—and that the training of a motorman fits him to meet physical emergencies, and must consequently in a large degree be special. In Boston there is a regular school for elevated motormen, which is perhaps more thorough, in certain respects—and necessarily so on account of the special difficulties of the Boston situation—than those which have been established elsewhere. In this school the candidate for a motorman's position learns the routes, the signals on every route, how to handle his cars and their mechanism, and what to do in case of accident—all before he is permitted actually to take out a train. A curious knack—a dozen different kinds of knack, indeed—are required in a really fit motorman. He must think quickly, and not only think quickly but rightly; and even thinking quickly and rightly is not enough. He must have that special kind of relation between mind and body which causes quick and correct thinking to express itself on the instant in quick and correct action. A keen and alert mind, one not apt to get confused whatever the circumstances, is preëminently the quality he must possess, over and above the strength of body which will enable him to endure the necessary daily physical strain.

There is always the possibility of getting ahead in every rightly-managed—which means every successful—street railway service; the possibility of attaining a higher position by way of the car platform—and that, too, in a great and constantly increasing business, which in ten years, perhaps, will present ten opportunities for every one available to-day. One may be very sure that many eyes are alert to select from the conductors and motormen the men fit for advancement, for this continuous search for competency is obviously to the advantage of the company, which has positions for which sometimes it seems almost impossible to find exactly the right men—positions, moreover, that require a previous training "from the ground up."

What a Starter Must Know About Railroading

As a conductor learns to deal with men and to look after the safety and convenience of passengers, so the motorman acquires a knowledge of the routes, the track lay-out, the equipment, and the method of moving cars. Either, however, may become a starter, which is commonly the next higher position, and one which places a man clearly in line for still higher duties—inspector, chief inspector, division superintendent, and the rest. Becoming a starter, it is to be remembered, marks the accomplishment of perhaps the most difficult step in the progress upward. It is easier for a man of conspicuous ability to pass from the ranks of two hundred and fifty starters than from the ranks of five thousand motormen and conductors, for the reason that individual excellence is more easily recognized among a few than among many, however genuine the company's effort to find it among all ranks. Once a starter, a man begins to acquire a fuller knowledge of the operation of a great system, of the handling of traffic in the aggregate, and of the problems that must be mastered before broader fields can be entered upon. He must learn, or must have learned, something of electricity, something of mechanics, a little civil engineering, a little about track construction, about the repair of cars and about equipment of all sorts, and something about the handling of exceptional and extraordinary crowds at unusual times—in fact, an endless variety of things must be grasped and mastered before he can become an all-round, well-equipped official.

Men enter the service from all classes and conditions of life. Most of the men employed by the larger companies are, of course, drawn from the cities in which they operate, but there is a considerable proportion who come from the country. It is a somewhat regrettable fact that, in the East at all events, the old-fashioned farmer's boy is a disappearing type, but it is still noticeable that those who come from the villages and smaller towns are very apt to make excellent railroad men. Indeed, the street railroad business presents a peculiarly favorable entrance to city life for such as these. Work in the fields has inured

them to the summer heat, and the breaking out of roads in the winter has toughened them to the kind of work required in the fighting of snowstorms. They come from one form of out-of-door life to another; and in changing from country to city—a change which is proverbially full of danger—they thus maintain a connection between old habits and new which may well be of the greatest advantage, morally as well as from the merely worldly point of view. Most of the officials in Boston who have directly in charge the handling of cars and traffic came into the service from the country, and have won their way on account of their sound common-sense and ability to overcome difficulties, supported by the rugged constitution and good health which are a heritage from an early life spent mainly in the open air and in all weathers. It must be the feeling of every street railway official—it certainly is in Boston—that the more of these strong, rugged, bright, alert boys from the country apply for employment in the service the better the service will become, and the more faithfully and efficiently it can discharge its duties to the community in which it operates.

To such a young man, rightfully ambitious for the future, some preliminary special reading and study will not come amiss. The almost universal use of electricity as the motive power of the modern street railway clearly calls for a more scientific training, on the part of all who would rise in the service, than was formerly required; and the man on the platform who knows something of natural science, other things being equal, is the one most likely to be in demand when the question of promotion to a higher position comes up. A good book on the general problems of electricity will be the natural beginning of a course of reading; though unfortunately not many such, adapted to the comprehension of young men with no previous technical education, have been published. Electricity Made Easy, by Edwin J. Houston and A. E. Kennelly, may be recommended, however, as being on the whole satisfactory. The same authors have written a series of "leaflets"—as they are entitled, in spite of their containing some 300 pages each—on Electrical Engineering, which in the opinion of many electrical students are among the best books of the kind on the market. They come in three grades—elementary, intermediate and advanced—only the first of which, of course, can be recommended to the novice. The object throughout is to present the fundamental principles of electrical science; and the first volume is especially intended to give just such instruction as the motorman, or the electrical workman generally, with slight scientific knowledge of electricity, needs for a more intelligent performance of his daily routine work. Two other books that may be suggested have to do specifically with electric railway service—Electric Railway Motors: Their Construction, Operation and Maintenance, by N. W. Perry; and Electric Railway Motors, by George T. Hanchett. Both are sound, and not too difficult.

There are two periodicals covering the street railway field, one or both of which might well be read by every one in the business, from conductor to president—the Street Railway Journal and the Street Railway Review. No scientific or technical periodical, of course, should be regarded from the same point of view as a book, where the intention is to be definite and final in statement and conclusion; a magazine of this sort is to a considerable extent a record of current theory, opinion and experiment, leaving to the reader much of the burden of responsibility for sifting the wheat from the chaff of contemporary practice. With this caution—which applies to every publication of the kind aiming to present impartially the news of its special field—both journals may be unhesitatingly recommended, giving as they do, from issue to issue, a full account of the latest developments in every branch and department of the street railway business all over this country and abroad. Among electrical magazines the Electrical World and the American Electrician are excellent, but rather hard reading for beginners; however, if they are conveniently accessible to a young man they might often prove suggestive. During the last few years a number of "correspondence schools," so called, have been started in various parts of the country, some of the courses in which, I am informed, are admirably adapted to the needs of a young man who intends to enter or has already entered the street railway business. Though it is true that all companies undertake to give their men such instruction as may be necessary for the performance of their duties, it is equally true that one who, by additional study and reading, has gained a fuller knowledge of the theory and nature of electricity as well as of its practical application, stands in a more favorable position than one who has not.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in the series To Young Men Beginning Business. Others will follow at brief intervals.

The Faces of the Little Children

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

Author of Love While You Wait

THE PICTURE OF POETRY

"COME in," she said sharply. The door opened and disclosed a tall, oldish man with an iron-gray mustache; a handsome, distinguished-looking man, who held a silk hat in his hand, and stood there looking down at her with a singular diffidence. She waited for him to speak, and he waited for her, until, like a cloud, embarrassment settled on them both.

"You're only wasting your time here," she said at last. "We're too poor to buy anything!"

"I have nothing to sell," he said.

"You cannot be a friend," she said, "because we haven't any friends."

"No," he said; "I am a stranger."

"Perhaps you wanted to see my brother on business?" she asked.

"Your brother?" he repeated.

"Philip Henry Jocelyn, the poet," she said with a little ring of pride. "I am sorry, but he's out."

"May I not come in and sit down?" he said.

She led him through the narrow passage and into the little bare sitting-room beyond. The stranger pulled up a chair before the dying fire, and drawing off his gloves warmed his hands at the embers.

"You make yourself quite at home," she observed.

He was looking about the room as though he had not heard her.

"This used to be my home," he said.

"Your home!" she exclaimed. "I should have thought you lived in a much better place than this!"

"I do, now," he replied.

"Was it long ago?" she asked.

"Thirty-six years ago," he returned.

"You couldn't have been much more than a child."

"I was eight years old," he said; "seven, rising eight!"

"I never dreamed the house was so old," she said.

"It's as old as the hills," he answered. "It was old then!"

She looked at him with sudden kindness. Her girlish suspicions vanished now that she was sure he wasn't the sewing-machine man, nor a piano-on-the-installment-plan man, nor a book agent, nor any of that host of insidious peddlers. She felt guilty to have so misjudged him. It was plain, as he sat there in the winter sunshine, that he had the air, the distinction, of a gentleman.

"Of course you must have been very poor," she resumed. "Only very poor people live in a place like this."

"We were horribly poor," he said.

"The world is a very hard place for poor people."

"It's hardest on the children," he said. "On those winter mornings—mornings just like this—I used to sit before this fire and feel hungry. I'd shut my eyes and see loaves of bread dancing in front of me."

"Poor little boy!" exclaimed the girl.

They both laughed. It seemed so ridiculous that he had ever been a little boy at all—and a hungry little boy at that—this masterful, prosperous man with the high hat in his hand and his patent-leather shoes reflecting the firelight.

"So you know what it is to feel hungry?" she mused wonderingly; "to walk through the streets and see the lighted windows full of things to eat—and have nothing! Nothing!"

"I don't know whether I regret it," he said at last; "not, at least, for myself."

"Poverty is a dreadful thing," she said.

"It teaches lessons," he remarked. "Lessons a man never quite forgets—never quite outlives. It gives one understanding, insight, sympathy, intuitions!"

"There are some lessons one would rather not learn," returned the girl.

"Do you know," he said solemnly, "that that little boy, sitting here hungry, was learning how in after years to brighten the lives of thousands!"

"So *you* do that?" she asked.

"I employ fourteen thousand men."

"Fourteen thousand!" she cried. "That's an army!"

"Yes," he returned; "an army."

"Think of it!" she said.

"I never walk through any of my mills," he continued, "I never hear the roar of the machinery, nor feel the floors shaking beneath my feet, nor watch the sparking iron beneath the ten-ton trips, nor see the hammers flying in the shops—but through it all, behind it all, I seem to see the faces of thousands of little children. I have been tempted sometimes to give up my business, to retire altogether, to lead the life I should prefer to lead, far from grime and smoke—but the thought of those little children brings me back to duty."

"I hardly understand," said the girl.

"You are not familiar with the steel trade?" said the man.

"I don't know anything about anything," answered the girl.

"In the merciless competition of our present system," said the man, "where the weak are pressed to the wall and none survive so well as the utterly selfish, the utterly grasping, the altogether heartless and unprincipled, I feel that if I gave my place to another it would be no less than a treachery to those I employ."

"I see you are a very good man," said the girl gravely.

He laughed.

"Oh, no," he said. "But I think I have a sense of justice; of other people's rights. I try to be just."

"I know you are that," she said.

"I mean that my work-people are a great deal more to me than so many machines," he went on. "I feel that the bargain between us involves something more than so much labor for so much money. As I told you, I always seem to see through the noise and glare and smoke the faces of the little children."

"I know you make them happy," she said.

"If I do," he said, "I learned it here, sitting cold and hungry before this grate."

"No, you did not," she said. "If you had been born in a palace you would have been just the same—just as——"

"I doubt it," he said, interrupting her.

"I know what you are," she said, looking at him with wide-open gray eyes. "You are a poet!"

"Oh, no," he exclaimed. "I'm a steel man, a Pittsburg ironmaster!"

"I know you are a poet," she persisted. "I know, because my brother's a poet, too."

"I never wrote anything in my life," said the stranger, "except business letters, and once an essay on the constitution of hematite iron!"

"But it's here that people are poets," said the girl, laying her hand on her heart.

"If anybody found it out there would be a slump in my business," he protested. "Steel rails would fall with a smash; the pig market wouldn't know itself and you'd see nothing

"THIS USED TO BE MY HOME," HE SAID

but brokers pulling out their hair—those that had hair; and Harveyized armor-plate——! Oh, no, not a poet!"

"Of course, poets don't usually make money," she said. "I know that!"

"Isn't your brother very—very—successful?" he asked.

"Oh, he does pretty well," she said. "He always manages to keep things going."

"That's good," said the steel man. "I am glad to hear it. He's doing more than my father ever did when *I* used to live here."

There was a silence. She looked down so that he could not see her eyes which began to brim over with tears. She tapped with her little shabby shoe against the floor.

"I am lying to you," she broke out. "There never was anybody so poor as we are. I've sat before the grate, too, and—and——!"

The tears began to roll down her cheeks. She covered her face with her hands and turned and cried against the dingy wall. The man rose and went over to her. He tried to take the hands from her face, but she only held them tighter. He put his arm around her, and she turned like a child and sobbed upon his shoulder. Little by little she recovered herself. He kissed her tenderly on the forehead and moved back to his place, while she, blushing furiously and wiping her eyes, looked at him through the mist of her tears.

"Oh, what will you think of me!" she cried, and covered her face again, this time for very shame.

He rose, and going to the window looked out. "May I go into the other rooms?" he said at last. "You can understand my wish to see them."

"I am afraid they are dreadfully untidy," she replied, almost in a whisper.

He passed into the bedroom and stood there looking about him with the emotion a man feels on revisiting the scenes of his childhood. How small it was, how pitifully small! His mother's room, once so spacious and lofty, had shrunk to nothing. It wasn't twelve feet square. The ceiling! he could touch it with his hand!

The girl had followed him, and he saw her in the doorway gazing at him with those wonderful gray eyes.

"My little brother died in this room," he said. . . . "The bed stood here like this one, only it was narrower. . . . It seems like yesterday I saw him lying here in his little childish finery . . . so silent . . . so still.

"At least, you have been spared death," he went on, breaking the long silence. "Thirty-six years ago! He is five, and I am forty-four; . . . he had scarcely enough to eat . . . he went without grapes and things the doctor said he ought to have when he was dying; . . . and I, God help me, I am what they call a millionaire. And yet, with all my money, I cannot cross those intervening years to help him . . . he stays hungry and ill and suffering, while I——!"

"You help the others," said the girl.

"Yes," he said. "I help the others."

"I never knew any one like you before," said the girl. . . . "So noble . . . so good. . . . I—I——!"

He smiled as she hesitated.

"I believe I could die for a man like you," she said simply.

Their eyes met and she smiled, too.

"I hope you won't do that," he said.

"I'd like to work for you," she said. "Are there women in those mills? I wouldn't care how hard it was—just an operative, you know—and it would seem different if it were for you."

"I've only men," he said. "Steel is a man's trade and takes a man's strength. I often think steel is like man himself: it improves in the furnace; it gains tenacity and temper on the forge; it bears the weight of the world."

"I told you you were a poet," she said.

"What would *your* poet do if you left him?" he asked.

"I suppose he'd starve," she replied. "He lives in the clouds."

"Where you think I live," he said.

"I said I never knew any one like you before!" she exclaimed. "You make me feel that you could do anything—that you could accomplish anything—you seem to me the embodiment of power."

"My dear young lady," he said, "I wish I could always make so good an impression."

He went to the window. The girl moved over to him, and side by side they looked out over the gray roofs.

"It's much the same as it was thirty-six years ago," he said.

"I suppose it is," she returned with a sigh. "Just as dreary; just as blank. The same church. The same office buildings. The same people selling peanuts at the corner."

"When I was eight," he said, "there used to be fairies in that end house, and in that gateway there lived a dragon named Goojum."

"I think he must have left," said the girl. "I know there isn't any dragon there now."

"I wonder what became of him," said the man.

"I suppose he got rich and moved into a better neighborhood," said the girl with a little hopeless laugh. "Perhaps he put his savings into the paper business. Perhaps he's the 'Co.' of the Spink, Garth, Lebenbaum & Co., Wholesale Paper Manufacturers!"

"Probably belongs to the trust," said the man. "That's the place to find dragons nowadays."

"And you'll go away and I'll never see you again," said the girl irrelevantly.

"Like Goojum," he said.

"Like everybody I've ever known that was nice and refined and——" She could not finish.

"Don't," he said, "or you'll be crying again in a minute."

"I suppose you think I am always crying," she said. "And yet—do you know—I don't think I ever cried before!"

"I had a kitten once that fell out of this very window," he remarked meditatively. "That was why I wanted to open it and look out. I never saw that kitten again and I thought perhaps I might see it now, or some of its descendants. It was named Pensypeevo because it was so pensive, and it would sleep in my arms at night and sneeze—I never knew such a cat to sneeze—it would sneeze and sneeze and sneeze—and its favorite place to sneeze in was my face. Such a warm, damp, thorough sneezer it was, too! Well, I always thought if I'd been a little quicker I might have saved it. I snatched at its tail as it went over, but I couldn't have held on tight enough. Sometimes now I wake up in my dreams and feel the fur slipping through my fingers!"

"WHEN I WAS EIGHT," HE SAID, "THERE USED TO BE FAIRIES IN THAT END HOUSE"

"Eight stories," she said, looking down. "Perhaps he got a little tired of living up here. Perhaps he didn't want his little tail caught. Perhaps he did it on purpose."

"Oh, no," said the man sternly; "no one has any right to do that!"

"I know I'd never do it," she returned. "Not *now*, I mean."

He looked at his watch.

"I am late for my train," he said. "Eleven o'clock was the time."

"It's long past that now," she said. "I am afraid you have missed it."

"One doesn't miss specials," he said.

"Do you travel by special trains!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

"Lots of people do," he said. "They don't cost nearly so much as you think."

"I wish I had never known it, though," she said. "It makes me feel all the more the—the—gulf between us!"

"There isn't any gulf," he said.

"We live in different worlds," she broke out. "We don't even breathe the same air."

"We breathe pea-soup in Pittsburg," he said.

"If I had any clothes," she said suddenly, "if I could buy even cheap things the way other girls can—quite poor girls, too—I think I might be—be—like the kind of women——"

"What kind?" he asked.

"The women *you* meet. The women *you* like."

"I never liked anybody for their clothes!" he said.

"All men do," she remarked.

"All men don't!" he returned.

"Do you think I'm pretty?" she asked. "Do you think I'm nice? Do you—like me?"

He studied her with his grave eyes.

"Oh, I don't want to know," she cried out wildly. "How awful of me to ask you. I don't know what made me ask you. I never thought I could be so silly."

"We're always asking those questions," he said, "but usually not aloud."

She reddened under his gaze.

"Of course you're pretty," he went on. "More than pretty. Frankly, I think you are charming."

She dropped her head.

"A compliment you have asked for!" she exclaimed. "What could be more childish—more banal! It's like dropping a penny into one of those machines and getting a chocolate—if you are not too poor to have a penny."

"The truth is still the truth," he said.

"I'm always saying things I am ashamed of," she went on. "If you knew how I suffered afterward you'd feel sorry for me. Have you ever felt as though you had been slapped all over?" she asked.

"That's a sensation still before me."

"It's the way I'll feel when you are gone," she said.

"It makes me almost sorry I ever came," he said.

"It's I who am sorry," she said.

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh, because——!" she returned. "Because——!"

"I must go," he said at last, as the pause lengthened and she still said nothing.

"You haven't even told me your name," she said.

He took out a card and handed it to her. She knew nothing about steel, nor rails, nor armor-plate; nothing of that stupendous industry that undermines the surface and darkens the air of a country the size of France; nothing of a world of a million human beings who are under a lifelong bondage to iron. But she did know—as everybody knows from Maine to Mexico—the name of George Fless!

"I thought it might possibly be you," she said slowly. "But it seemed so strange, so incredible!"

He had his pocketbook open and was turning over a mass of telegrams, letters and greenbacks. It came over her with a shock that he meant to offer her money.

"No!" she cried. "No, no; please don't." She was trembling and incoherent.

He was holding a hundred-dollar bill in his hand. She could see the red threads glistening through the crumpled green, and the two round fat naughts.

"Put it back!" she cried. "Put it back! I can't bear to see it in your hand."

"Will you not put yourself in my place?" he said. "Have I not told you that I lived here as a child—and starved?" he added. "What is this to me but a bit of paper!"

"You don't understand," she said, pushing it away. "If I had to—if I were forced to do it—I'd swallow my pride—there are places where they give you things for nothing, to poor people, you know—but I couldn't, I couldn't from—from—a stranger."

"Are they not strangers?" he said softly. "Those other places——"

"I mean from you," she said.

He put back the bill.

"You mustn't think I don't understand," he said. "I think you are wrong; I think you are a little foolish; you see your side of the thing, but you don't see mine. I never give a man money unless he's sick. Work—yes; an honest man has no right to ask for more. But women—it's different with women! This money of mine—these millions—I do not consider they belong absolutely to me. I am the guardian, that's all; the trustee. You know I have unusual views about the gospel of wealth," he added.

"You told me you learned it here," she said.

"Yes," he returned. "Here!"

"I'll often think of that little boy sitting before the fire."

"Will you?" he asked.

"The place will never be quite the same to me now," she said. "I'll never be so lonely as I was, never so despondent or miserable. That little boy will keep me company. We'll sit together before the fire. We'll look out of the window, he and I, and watch the house where the fairies live and wonder about the Goojum in the doorway. We'll be so happy together, the little boy and I; and at night when he's lying asleep in bed I'll sit by him in the dark, and think of his wonderful future; of his power and his money, and his thousands of workmen, and the way people will love him, not because he's rich, but for himself—for his great, noble, generous nature!"

"I begin to think we are all poets," said the man. "Remember," he added, holding out his hand, "you can always count on me!"

"I will remember," she said.

"I have told you my name," he said, "but you have never told me yours."

"I am named May," she returned—"May Jocelyn!"

He repeated the name over to himself.

"I want you to remember it," she said.

"I shall always do that," he said. "Good-by."

"Good-by," she said.

They shook hands quite formally. She let him out into the passage, where he put on his hat and buttoned his overcoat. At the turn of the stairs he looked back at her and smiled. Then he was gone.

Two years later Mr. Naughten, the well-known publisher, was entertaining a large company in the Old Gold Room of the St. Charles Hotel. The guest of honor was Philip Henry Jocelyn, the great poet, who in that brief period had climbed from comparative obscurity to the dizziest heights of fame. He stood in the centre of an admiring throng, describing with much humor some of his earlier struggles and trials.

He was most beautifully dressed in a new seventy-five-dollar suit of clothes, and he wore a butterfly tie that he thought nothing of paying thirty-five cents for, wearing once, and then throwing away forever. There were real diamonds in his sleeve-buttons, and when he moved he rustled underneath with silk like a lady, and he sported a gold repeater stop-watch that could give the time to a horse-race, or tell you the quarter of the moon, or tinkle ten minutes to nine (or whatever the hour was) for as long as you chose to press the catch. Altogether Philip Henry Jocelyn was the picture of success, of poetry, affluent, recognized and honored in both hemispheres. He lunched no longer on coffee and a doughnut, nor tramped the streets in squashy shoes; he rode like a gentleman in automobiles with his swell friends, and spent his spare time in accepting their invitations to dinner. His works had been translated (by painstaking governesses in their off hours) into all the principal languages of the world, so that his name was as familiar in Russia or Poland or Denmark as Meeternickle or Gorky are with us; and every day (to admirers that inclosed a stamped and addressed envelope) he sent out whole sheaves of his precious autograph.

"And to think that *you*," said Mr. Naughten impressively—"*you*—I say *you*—Philip Henry Jocelyn—were actually *discovered* by a little hole-and-corner firm of booksellers in Pittsburg who sold slates to school-children!"

There was a murmur of astonishment.

"It's a fact," said the poet with solemnity.

"It's one of the romances of publishing," said Mr. Naughten.

"Discovered in Pittsburg!" said a lady.

"If I live to be a hundred," said the poet, "I'll never forget what I felt when I saw that check. Think of it! A thousand dollars! A thousand *dollars* advance royalties on an unknown book by an unknown man!"

"Oh, but they knew!" said another lady.

"Of course they knew," chorused everybody.

"Deuced sharp of them," said the railroad magnate.

"It gives me a tremendous feeling for Pittsburg," said the poet. "I suppose it was the woodland note in my poems, the aroma of trees, the rhythm and mystery of eddying brooks, that appealed to those rough toilers whose sterile lives are passed in the gloom of furnaces and mills."

"That must have been it," said everybody.

"I'm glad my sister's going to marry a Pittsburg man," said the poet.

Every one turned and looked at May, who in the course of those two years had become an acknowledged beauty, and one of the leaders of the younger set, and who went every night to splendid parties—like this one in the Old Gold Room of the St. Charles Hotel.

"Mr. George Fless," said the poet.

They all crowded about May with congratulations, for this was the first public announcement of the engagement, and no one there had been in the secret except the poet, who had sacredly promised not to tell.

"They say," said Mrs. Glendenning, when the buzz had somewhat subsided, "that the only way of meeting Mr. Fless socially is in a slum. He dotes on poor people, you know; won't call on anybody who doesn't live in an alley. I suppose you met him first in a slum, dear Miss Jocelyn?"

"Yes," said May, "down on East Eleventh Street in one of those horrible old houses!"

"How interesting!" exclaimed Mrs. Glendenning. "I suppose you were working yourself amongst the poor?"

"Not exactly," said May. "You see we were living in one of those horrid old houses ourselves. We were *it*, you know!"

Prosperity and the Enhanced Cost of Living

By Henry Chapman Watson

FROM the production of coal and iron to the sales of securities and the volume of bank exchanges, the year 1901 established new high-water marks. Reports continually appear adding to the accumulation of superlatives in regard to railway traffic, industrial activity and retail distribution. Notwithstanding all these incontrovertible evidences of unexampled prosperity, the pessimists and calamity howlers are still with us. Conceding the unanswerable records of business actually done, these faultfinders claim that the cost of living has risen out of all proportion to the advance in wages. Consequently, it is asserted, the great majority of the people are not only no better off, but, in fact, are losers by this era of apparent national prosperity and industrial development. As in all other fallacies, there is just enough suggestion of fact in this proposition to confuse the casual reader, and some analysis of the figures may be worth attention. It is still more desirable to go back of the returns, and consider many phases of the question that are not included in statistical tables of the cost of living or in estimates of the increase in wages.

Roughly speaking, the prosperity of the people appears to be measured by the proportion between the two advances. If the wage-earner is receiving only 20 per cent. more money than he did during times of severe depression, as is estimated by averaging the numerous returns, it would seem that he does not receive an equivalent for the advance of about 40 per cent. in prices. In other words, his expenses having increased more than his receipts, his balance is on the wrong side of the ledger.

It is not wise, however, to ignore in this comparison the obvious fact that another element is the percentage of idle population. During the period of industrial gloom, the actual rate of wages was less important than the cause—the enormous army of unemployed that forced wages down by fiercely competing for every available position. Every man who was engaged in gainful occupation had not only his own family to support, but numerous less fortunate relatives and friends who could get no work at any price. Hence, it may be briefly stated as an economic axiom that the nominal rate of wages is immaterial when there is no work; though, on the other hand, the people prosper when all are able to find employment at the highest level of wages ever existing in this or any other country, even if the necessaries of life are exceptionally expensive.

How the Cost of Living is Studied

That the cost of living reached the highest point of the decade on January 1 was clearly shown by Dun's Index Number. This method of compiling prices is comparatively simple, yet perfectly logical. First, there is taken a list of nearly 350 quotations, embracing all the commodities that may be strictly termed necessaries of life. The list includes beer, whisky and tobacco, since they all enter largely into the daily needs of the people, however much it may be regretted. Representative articles are taken in every branch of industry, and in the case of manufactured products there is a proportionate allotment, both raw material and finished goods receiving consideration. Taking the list of quotations at any given date, each item is multiplied by the amount consumed annually per capita. This ratio gives everything its relative value in the aggregate, and no more.

No other method can accomplish a result so instructive. Pounds, yards and gallons cannot be added with any degree of intelligence, and if it is attempted to reduce all articles to a common unit the outcome is ludicrous. For example, in a statement where a pound is named as the standard, the index is widely at fault; a pound of wheat is worth slightly more than a cent, a pound of coal half a cent, of iron and steel about a cent, while of butter a pound would be 22 cents, of cotton 8 cents, of wool 18 cents, and of expensive chemicals over a dollar. For instance, when the Philippine ports were closed by war there occurred a sharp rise of two cents a pound in the price of hemp. As there are about sixty pounds of wheat in a bushel such a rise would in the price of wheat have been equal to $1.20 a bushel. Meanwhile, the influence on the cost of living was not perceptible in the case of the advance in hemp, although such a bound upward in the leading breadstuff would mean famine.

What it Costs the Average American to Live

It has been asked whether the index number of $101.58 represents that the average American lives on that amount a year, and, allowing five persons in each family, $507.90 has been quoted as the average actual expenses of a household for 1901. This is an erroneous result of reading into the figures something that was never meant to be suggested. The quotations used are regular wholesale prices, as these are the only figures that can be secured with any degree of uniformity. Retail prices vary widely in different sections of even the same city, and a record based on such figures could have no value for comparison. Yet the small consumer pays much higher than wholesale prices, especially in the case of such articles as coal, which is often purchased by the basketful by the poor in large cities. So in many other cases, and to approximate the actual expenses of a family it would be necessary to add a considerable margin for the profit of jobbers and retailers. The relative advance or decline in comparison with that of earlier dates is secured with accuracy, however, and this is the instructive feature of the record.

Each individual does not necessarily consume directly his share of many products quoted. In the case of steel rails, lumber and building materials, for instance, the actual expense is borne by a few, but is indirectly paid by all in the shape of car-fares, rents, etc. These must all be included to make the list of commodities fully representative, or else the question of disproportion would appear through other products receiving undue prominence. Constructed on this sound basis, the Dun tables show that on January 1, 1902, commodities cost $101.58 which might have been purchased for $72.45 on July 1, 1897, the lowest point ever touched. Nevertheless, it is not making a fair comparison to say that prices have advanced nearly 40 per cent. during the four and one-half years, because the element of season is one of no little importance. In dairy and garden products, for instance, there appears an advance of 75 per cent., which may largely be due to the customary scarcity in midwinter and the comparative abundance at the earlier date, which was in the warm season. As the per capita consumption of potatoes, eggs, butter and milk reaches large figures, these items stand out prominently in the table. The rise from the bottom point was equally striking in breadstuffs, owing to the short crops of corn and oats, which advanced those grains to phenomenally high prices, and incidentally sustained wheat at a strong position, despite many evidences that the yield will be a record-breaker. Meats were naturally forced to remarkable prices by the excessive cost of fodder, and in this case, as with wheat, the healthy export movement did much to hold values firm.

Some Strange Facts About Prices

The comparison of extreme points in this record probably errs on the side of conservatism, because the per capita consumption of each article is a fixed quantity, being the average for a number of normal years. As a matter of fact, it is well known that during a commercial crisis the quantity consumed, except of the very absolute necessaries, falls off severely. At such times meat is a luxury and coffee is used without sugar or milk. Shoes are patched until they fall apart, and in warm weather none are worn. The other extreme occurs when labor is well employed at good wages. Three hearty meals a day are served, and meat is not restricted to the Sunday dinner. Clothes are renewed before they collapse, and the minor luxuries are freely consumed. Hence the index number was actually lower than appeared at the bottom point and is higher now than the figure indicates.

Another vital point is brought out by these records, a point overlooked or intentionally ignored in many editorial comments, but mentioned in a general way by Mr. Carnegie in a recent address. Though slightly higher than at the low point in 1897, manufactured products, as a general rule, can now be purchased more cheaply than in earlier years, and, moreover, both quality and appearance have materially improved. This fact is the more remarkable because in many cases the raw material has risen very sharply in price. In this connection it may be interesting to note that hides are 49 per cent. higher in price than on January 1, 1888, though leather, the partially manufactured product, is only 4.3 per cent. higher, and boots and shoes, the finished articles, actually sell at a reduction of 8.3 per cent., as compared with the earlier date. Pig iron has declined, but finished products have declined much more, and the reduction in cost of cotton goods is 13 per cent. more than the fall in raw cotton.

Improved methods of manufacture and distribution, and especially new inventions in machinery, are responsible for this in a large degree; and, besides, the large combinations have secured extensive economies in operation. An even more potent influence of big corporations is the prevention of violent inflation of prices, such as occurred in iron and steel some years ago and which would be much more in evidence at present if the control were less centralized. That the concerns are frequently overcapitalized injures them from an investor's point of view, and some of them endeavor, with most disastrous results, to sustain prices artificially. But those that are managed by men who see far into the future exert a mighty influence on the cost of living, resulting in the long run in benefits to both producer and consumer. An aggregation of capital, just as a union of labor, may be a great factor for advancement if wisely managed, but incompetent or dishonest men at the head may do incalculable injury. The personal equation is the one that determines the result.

How Hard Times Affect the Rich

The claim that the few are getting rich at the expense of the many is not indorsed by the available statistics. Great fortunes will increase in a measure through the reinvestment of interest payments, but if the nation as a whole does not prosper, railway freights will be light, manufacturing plants idle, and capital will immediately feel the effect through passed dividends and defaulted bonds. A somewhat striking example may be given of the extent to which capital and labor now feel the prosperous conditions prevailing throughout the country. The wage-earner has been so well employed that he has swelled the deposits in savings banks beyond all records, and is able to carry a larger life insurance, besides putting money in building and loan associations. These forms of investment appeal to the man in moderate circumstances, and his success or failure is quickly reflected in the reports of these companies. On the other hand, the man of great wealth finds that properties on which he formerly received from 7 to 10 per cent. interest now yield only from 4 to 5 per cent., and that his bank stocks and Government bonds return 2 per cent. or less. One of the chief articles of increased cost is lumber, which sells far above what was its price in earlier years when the aggregate cost of living was much higher than now. Yet the poor man does not feel this influence so much as does the wealthy landholder, who is compelled to rent his houses more cheaply although he pays more for the materials used in their construction. It is a mistake to explain away every record of expanding values

by attributing the gain to the fortunate few. The distinction between classes and masses is not one that can be recognized in economic discussion, for they rise or fall together, and the level of prices tends upward when all are consuming freely.

Though artisans, skilled labor in every branch of manufacturing, and the agricultural communities have prospered remarkably in the past few years, the enhanced cost of living has been met with most difficulty by the office employees in the big cities. With them the supply is always greater than the demand, even when there is an urgent need for skilled labor in the trades. To some extent this is due to the national passion for excitement; the desire to be where there is the greatest activity and the most varied forms of amusement.

But another and powerful influence is the ambition of parents to have their sons engaged in what they deem a "gentleman's" occupation. The father is a skilled mechanic, earning $4 or $5 a day, and always able to find employment. The son has the advantage of a good free-school education, and when he graduates he is sent to the nearest city to work in an office. His parents want him to have social advantages which they fear cannot be had if he follows his father's life of manual labor. The result is an army of clerks, who can never earn above $18 or $20 a week, and who are confined in more or less poorly ventilated offices, instead of following the healthier and more productive lives led by their parents, which are deserted in the effort to gain social possibilities. It is no exaggeration to say that a capable carpenter, plumber or skilled machinist seldom seeks long for work, and earns $24 a week readily, whereas office assistants are abundant at $15. Industrial activity stimulates the demand for skilled labor and puts a premium on good mechanics, but a large mercantile house can extend its office force of clerks with little expense. Hence, the enhanced cost of living is felt by this one class more severely than by any other because they seldom share proportionately in the benefits of greater general prosperity.

A Buffalo paper recently asserted that reports of prosperity must be at fault, citing the case of a telegraph company in that city which was able to employ able-bodied men to deliver messages at the wages of $1.50 a day, formerly paid to boys. There is no proof of anything in this case except of the fact that many who have reached the age of maturity are still unfit to do more than mere physical labor, and that they find it easier to run errands than to dig, or to perform some other work that calls for constant muscular exercise but no use of intellect. Throughout the entire nation there is an army of this class, augmented by numerous immigrants every year. Fortunately, a large proportion of the half-million foreign arrivals go direct to the farming regions and add materially to the agricultural production, but from certain sections of Europe the immigrants are fit for only the lowest forms of labor. Tramps and beggars continue to abound, no matter what the demand for skilled labor, since this element prefers to live by the aid of the philanthropic. There are also the intemperate men who cannot retain a position after the first pay day; but seeing them in idleness is no evidence that the nation is at a standstill. Moreover, in the case of Buffalo, it should be remembered that after an Exposition or Fair of any kind there is always a stranded lot of ne'er-do-wells who disarrange the labor situation. Chicago was particularly unfortunate in 1894 in this respect.

A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON

By "THE CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE"

WHEN the altogether delightful Bottom called his crew of actors around him—Quince, Snug, Snout and Starveling—in the cool, leafy wood near Athens, and instructed them with grave pomposity to show their faces when they enacted their little drama, he showed his all-round common-sense. He had no idea that mortals or the elfin brood that were abroad that night in the wood would be in any way deceived by Pyramus, who was really only Bottom the weaver. And the amused Washington world is wishing that it had had a Bottom on a certain occasion in April of Ninety-eight when the diplomats in Washington enacted their little drama of the "Note of the Powers." Fancy if Uncle Sam could have stood up these diplomatic actors before him and have said to them, in the language that Bottom used to the Tinker, the Joiner and the Bellows-mender: "Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves; . . . for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to't. You must name his name, and half his face must be seen, and he must speak: 'If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing;' and there let him tell them plainly he is Snug the Joiner." If Uncle Sam could have done this he would have known, in the language of a certain ex-Congressman, "where he was at," and the little drama that has been going on in Washington in which the entire dialogue consisted of "You did," in German, and "I didn't," in English, would never have been enacted. But it all contributed to the gayety of Washington, and the town has been all asmile. Robert and Senator P—— in particular were chuckling over the little mix-up. I said to them:

"I don't see why you both should be so tickled over this little difference. Both Doctor Von Holleben and Lord Pauncefote were made desperately uncomfortable just on the eve of the Prince's visit, to say nothing of a certain constraint that must have been felt by the Administration."

"Oh, it didn't appear to bother the Administration any," ejaculated Robert, "and as to these foreign chaps who were quarreling, they had all they could do kotowing and going out backward from the royal presence. They didn't have time to make faces at each other."

"For my part," said I, "I felt sorry about it. Doctor Von Holleben is one of the nicest, most cordial of the diplomats here in Washington. Whenever I see him I am reminded of the President's designation of Attorney-General Knox as a 'cherub.' Doctor Von Holleben is certainly cherubic and round, and I thought that he was feeling the responsibility of the honor of the princely visit very much, but that Madame Rebeur-Paschwitz was looking forward to it with all a young woman's feelings, which some one describes as 'coming and going like light troops following the victory of the present;' but, then, Madame Paschwitz had all the honor as hostess without any of the responsibility. The German Embassy is a bachelor abode and is none too spacious, and not particularly handsome. The chancery-room downstairs and the smoking-room, with their heavy German furniture, are too sombre for my taste."

"Well," said Senator P——, "we felt the flurry of this visit up on the Hill, too. I thought that it detracted something from our great memorial that while we were paying tribute to our princely dead we should pay tribute to the living Prince at the same time."

"Did you hear all the fun that was poked at Cullom?" asked Robert, laughing at the recollection. "As Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee they told him he'd have to wear a swallow-tail even in the daytime in honor of the Prince, and he was actually bothered about it for a time, until some one suggested that the whole committee would have to wear the regimentals of the militia of their respective States; then he caught on." We all laughed and the Senator asked of Robert:

"Been up to the White House lately?"

"Yes;" and Robert began to laugh. "I went up the other day, for I am still after that Army appointment, and I'll be hanged if I did not find half of Congress up there, all cooling their heels in the office. You see, Dr. Maurice Francis Egan had got in ahead of us, and there he and the President stood over in the window recess chinning about books and poetry. Egan is one of these poet fellows and writes sonnets."

Robert paused and Senator P—— and I laughed aloud, for Robert is like the man Lowell tells about, who always wanted to know what poetry was good for: "A question," said Lowell, "that would abolish the rose and be triumphantly answered by the cabbage."

Robert continued: "When I got away from the White House I fell in with some men who had not been any more successful than I, but they were telling a very funny yarn about John S. Wise's recent visit to the White House. It seems that he was over here from New York and went up to pay his respects to the President.

"Of course, he was warmly greeted and the President said: 'I want to have some talk with you, so wait for me.'

"And Wise waited until the throng in the office and in the corridor had thinned out; then the President came to him, and drawing him into that same window recess said earnestly:

"'Say, Wise, what do they say of me over in New York? What do they think of my administration?'

"Of course, Wise piled it on and told everything good and flattering that he had heard said, and he wound up with:

"'They say, Mr. President, that you're likely to go down to posterity a second Washington.'

"The President knit his brows and settled his glasses more snugly on his nose; then he said with sly significance:

"'Yes, Wise, but which Washington—George or Booker?'"

Both men sent up a great laugh; then Senator P—— said:

"You have been neglecting us up in the Senate lately, Mrs. Slocum. Does the great American mystery, politics, no longer interest you?"

"Oh, yes," I quickly rejoined, "only I have been so busy leading 'the strenuous life' that I have had no time to watch Congressional antics. I was at the Capitol the other day and was positively distressed to find that those altogether delightful and mischievous echoes are gone out of Statuary Hall. The strange clock echo can still be faintly heard and the side echoes are also vaguely heard, but the one coming from one's feet, seemingly, which has been the delight of the pages and the undoing of the unwary, is gone forever. You should never have let them put up that new roof; it has spoiled one of the wonders of the Capitol."

"We did try to save it," said the Senator. "When the roof had to be repaired the order was that the new one should be built upon the exact lines and proportions of the old one, but they used steel instead of wood laths, and that has destroyed the whispering gallery. It was a great disappointment when the Capitol was first built that Statuary Hall could not be used as the Hall of Representatives, as they had meant it to be used, for when they got the desks in it was discovered that sounds were carried and repeated in such startling fashion that business there was out of the question. A voice always seemed to come out of the clock, and any low whisper, even at a distance of sixty feet, could be plainly heard."

"And I suppose you noticed two other changes?" asked Robert. "That the little corner in that same Statuary Hall, which has always been the dread of us poor members, where we had to face women office-seekers, has been abolished? And did you see," queried

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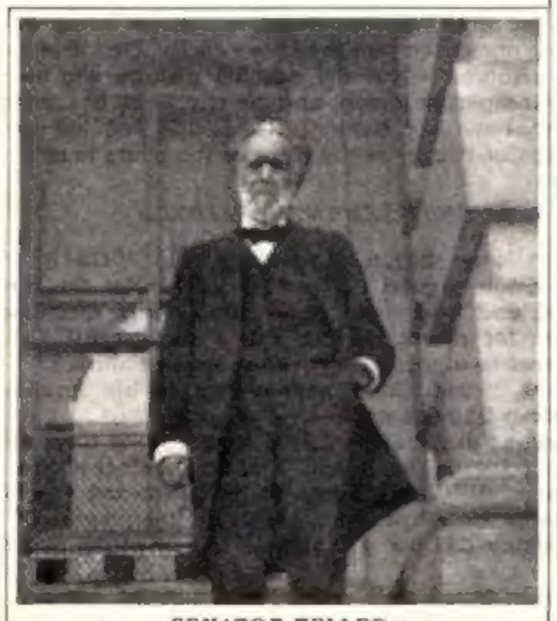

SENATOR TELLER

COUNTESS CASSINI

COUNT CASSINI

THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

By Hamlin Garland

Author of The Eagle's Heart

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THE MOB WAITS FOR CAPTAIN CURTIS

TWENTY-SIXTH CHAPTER

CURTIS put away his papers and crossed the square to Elsie's studio—eager to see whether she had regarded his wishes or not.

The effect of the first impression was soothing, yet exalting. She had done more than she promised. All was in order, and the air was deliciously cool and fragrant with some delicate odor. Every article was in its place—she had apparently taken nothing but the finished pictures and sketches which she needed. Scraps of canvas covered with rough sketches were pinned about on the walls, the easel stood in place, a palette and brushes were on the table. The young soldier closed the door behind him and took a seat. For the first time he realized to the full the value of such a woman in his life. All that he had experienced before was forgotten—swallowed up in the empty, hungry ache in his heart. The curtains and draperies were almost as much a part of her as her dress, and he could not have touched them at the moment—so intimately personal, so sacred did they seem.

It appeared that he had not understood himself, after all—this empty temple of her and her art, these reminders of her beautiful self, were not to be a solace and a comfort, but a torture. He felt broken and unmanned by this feeling, and the aching in his throat grew to an intolerable pain. By a powerful effort of the will he rose and went out, closing and locking the door behind him.

The lunch was hasty, and little was said by either the Sheriff or Mr. Grismore. The reporter asked a few questions, but Curtis answered very curtly. Maynard did not appear until they were about ready to start.

"I think you need an escort," he said earnestly. "Say the word and I'll send Payne and a squad of men."

"I don't think it at all necessary. I don't want to do anything which will further excite the settlers."

"Well, you're my superior officer," replied Maynard. "But if I were doing it I'd take a troop of men and ride right through the —— ruffians. They need to feel a touch of Uncle Sam's steel."

"I leave you in command here, Captain Maynard," said Curtis, returning to the military tone. "Keep everything quiet. Let nothing be done to alarm the people."

Maynard saluted. "Very well, Major. When may we look for you?"

"Not before to-morrow night."

"Very well, sir. Everything will be cared for."

The wagon was already standing before the guard-house when Curtis arrived, and the prisoner was at once brought out by Crow. Cut-Finger looked around for his wife, and upon seeing her in the wagon went quietly with the Agent.

"You may sit beside her," Curtis said, and the young man climbed in submissively. "Mr. Sheriff, you may take a seat with the driver if you like."

The Sheriff, full of rebellion because of the secondary part he had to play, surlily consented to sit with Two Horns.

"Crow, you sit here!" called Curtis and the trusted Tetong scrambled to his seat. "Drive on, Two Horns."

Curtis had designedly placed the Sheriff in the front seat so that he could not be burdensome with talk, and for an hour and more no one spoke but Two Horns, gently urging the horses to their best pace. Curtis welcomed this silence, for it gave him time to take account of many things, chief of which was Brisbane's violent antagonism. "He overestimates my importance," he thought. "But that is the way such men succeed. They are as thoroughgoing in destroying the opposition as they are in building up their own side."

A sharp exclamation from Crow brought his dreaming to an end. He looked up to see a horseman approaching swiftly, his reins held high, his elbows flapping. "That's young Streeter," he said instantly.

"So it is," replied Winters, standing up in excitement. "I wonder what's his hurry?"

Calvin came up with a rush and with a merciless wrench set his horse on his haunches. "Howdy, folks, howdy!" he called, and added in lazy drawl: "Well, I see you've got 'im."

"You've been ridin' hard," said the Sheriff. "What's your rush?"

Calvin looked down at his panting, reeking horse and carelessly replied: "I'm just takin' it out o' this pitchin' bronco." He exchanged a look with the Sheriff. "I thought I'd ketch ye 'fore ye left the Agency. I'd like to whisper in your ear, Sheriff; tumble out here for a minute. You'll wait, won't you, Major?"

Curtis looked up at the sun. "Yes, but be quick."

Calvin slid from his horse and while the Sheriff was climbing stiffly down slipped a note into Curtis' hand. As the Sheriff listened to Calvin's low-voiced report Curtis glanced at the paper. It was in pencil and from Elsie. "The mob is waiting at the half-way house, cruel as wolves—turn back—for my sake.—Elsie."

Curtis crumpled the paper in his hand and called out imperatively. "Come, Sheriff Winters, I cannot wait."

Winters as he turned away said: "That's all right, Cal; I didn't understand, that's all."

Curtis caught Calvin's eye, and a nod—almost imperceptible—passed between them, and the cowboy knew the soldier understood. "How did you leave the Senator?"

"Feeling pretty well."

The other team was by this time but a few rods away, and watching his opportunity Curtis secretly signaled Calvin to delay them. Calvin again nodded and Two Horns drove on.

Just before reaching the border of the Reservation, Two Horns, at a sign from Curtis, left the main road and began to climb a sharp ridge to the east.

The Sheriff turned and called sharply: "Where is he going?"

"He has his orders, Mr. Sheriff."

"He's taking the wrong road; it is five miles farther that way."

"He is following my orders!"

"But I don't see the sense of it."

"You are only a passenger. If you don't care to ride with us you can walk; I am still on my own territory," replied Curtis. The Sheriff settled back into his seat with a curse.

The second wagon had been left far behind and would keep the main road, a mishap he had not calculated upon.

Curtis had very little fear of violence, but a little strategy had put the Sheriff at a disadvantage. An hour or two of extra travel would not matter, especially as the mob was left safely on the left. The word from Elsie had a singular effect upon his heart. He grew almost gay at the thought of her care of him.

The reports of a panic among the settlers were certainly not exaggerated. No one was stirring about the barns or corrals, and no smoking chimney gave evidence of a cook. Once or twice Crow pointed silently at a horseman riding swiftly—but otherwise the land was empty and silent.

As he crossed the boundary of the Reservation the Sheriff gained in resolution. Looking backward he saw his own team outlined like a rock against the sky—just topping a ridge, miles behind, and reaching over laid his hand on the reins and pulled the horses to a stand.

"Right here I take charge!" he growled. "Get out o' there!" he said to the prisoner, and as he spoke he drew his revolver and leaped to the ground.

Cut-Finger rose, but Curtis, whose face was set and white, commanded him to be seated with a gesture. "Put up your gun," he said to Crow, who had drawn his revolver ready to defend his prisoner.

Winters was boisterous with rage. "Do you defy my authority now? I'm Sheriff of this county!" he snarled. "Your control ends right here!"

Curtis eyed him calmly. "I started out to give this man safe convoy to the prison, and I'm going to do it! Not only that—he is a ward of the Government, even when lodged in the county jail, and it is my duty to see that he has fair trial. Then, and not till then, will I abandon him to the ferocity of your mob. Do you intend to ride with us? If you do, get in quick."

The Sheriff's courage again failed him as he looked into the round, unwavering, eagle gaze of the young officer. He began to swagger. "We'll have your hide for this. You've gone too far!"

"Drive on," said Curtis, and Two Horns touched his ponies with the whip.

"Halt, or I fire!" shouted Winters.

"Drive on!" commanded Curtis, and Two Horns laid the whip hard on the back of his off horse.

Winters fired in the air. He dared not aim. Cut-Finger rose with a scared, wild look as if to leap from the wagon, but Crow seized him with one great brown paw and thrust his shining gun against his breast. "Sit down, brother!" he said grimly.

The poor youth sank back into his seat trembling with excitement—and the wife began to cry piteously.

Curtis looking back saw the Sheriff waving his revolver maniacally, but his curses fainted on the way and did not reach their object. A sudden reaction to humor set in, and Curtis laughed a hearty chuckle, whereat his faithful Tetong aides broke into sympathetic grins.

Nevertheless, the case was serious. In a certain sense he had cut athwart the law in this last transaction, but he was perfectly sure that to abandon his prisoner to the Sheriff and his gang meant a lynching, an act of violence which would still further embitter if not inflame the tribe.

"I will appeal directly to the President if the worst comes to me."

The drive now settled into a race for the jail. "The Sheriff, after being picked up by his own party, will undertake to overhaul us," reasoned Curtis, and he urged Two Horns to push hard—all the team would bear.

The road ran along Willow Creek, winding as the stream itself, and Curtis could not avoid the thought of an ambuscade. On the right were clumps of tall willows capable of concealing horsemen, on the left the hot, treeless banks rose a hundred feet above the wagon, while the loopings of the track prevented a view of what was coming. If Calvin's absence had led the mob to suspect a trick its leaders would certainly send a detachment to Willow Creek to intercept him.

With grim, set face he motioned Two Horns to push hard. The road was all the way down hill and the foaming ponies had little to do but guide. As the wagon rocked and reeled past the ranch-houses their occupants had hardly time to discern what manner of man was driving, but they were thrown into fresh panic by the clatter of fleeing horses and the cloud of dust. The Sheriff was not in sight and no sound of him could be detected in the whizz of their own wheels. At last they broke through the hills out upon the valley land with Pifion City in sight. The mob and the Sheriff were alike defeated, and Cut-Finger was safe from the rope.

"Easy now, Two Horns," called Curtis with a smile and an explanatory gesture. "We're safe now; the angry white men are behind."

The hour of their arrival in Pifion City was fortunate. The town was at supper, and as Two Horns pulled his team down to an easy trot, Curtis and his prisoner almost escaped notice. As they drove up to the door of the jail a young man came out and looked at Curtis with inquiring gaze.

Curtis spoke first. "Are you the turnkey?"

"I'm in charge here—yes, sir."

"I am Captain Curtis, the Agent. This is Cut-Finger, charged with the murder of Connors. I have brought him in. The Sheriff is just behind." He turned to the prisoner and signed: "Get down. Here is the strong house where you are to stay."

Cut-Finger clambered slowly down, his face rigid, his limbs tremulous with emotion. To go to the dark room of the strong house was the worst fate that could overtake a free man of the hills, and his heart fluttered like a scared bird.

"It would be a good plan to let his wife go in with him," said Curtis. "It will save trouble."

The poor whimpering girl-wife followed her culprit husband up the steps and into the cold and gloomy hall to which they were admitted, her eyes on the floor, her sleeping child held tightly in her arms. When the gate shut behind him Curtis signed to the prisoner this advice:

"Now, be good. Do not make any trouble. Do what these people tell you. Eat your food. I will let your wife see you in the morning and then she will go home again. She can come once each month to see you." He touched the wife on the arm and when she saw his gesture she uttered again that whimpering moan, and as she bent her head in dumb agony above her babe Curtis gently led her to the door, leaving Cut-Finger to the rigor of the white man's law.

TWENTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER

AT THE railway station Curtis alighted. "Go to Paul Ladue's," he signed to Two Horns. "Put the horses in his corral and feed them well. To-morrow morning at sunrise come for me at the big hotel. Be careful. Don't go on the street to-night. Evil white men are abroad."

"We know," said Crow with a clip of his forefinger. "We will sleep like the wolf—one eye open."

As the Indians drove away Curtis hurried into the station. Calling for a blank, he outlined a brief telegram to the Commissioner. While revising it he overheard the clerk say, in answer to a question over the telephone: "No, Senator Brisbane did not get away. He is at the Sherman House."

Curtis straightened and a dazzling thought entered his brain. He was about to meet his beloved again! Hastily penning two or three shorter messages he turned and hurried up the street toward the hotel.

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of December 14, 1901.

By this time the violet dusk of a peaceful night covered the town. The stars were beginning to loom large in the wonderful deep blue, the air was windless. No cloud was to be seen, and yet he had a sense of uneasiness. "I wish I had taken my faithful boys with me to the Sherman House—but Paul is more Tetong than borderman—he will protect them."

He began to meet men in close packed groups on the sidewalk—roughly-clad citizens who seemed absorbed in the discussion of some important event. Some of them recognized him as he passed, and one called in a bitter tone: "There goes the cur himself!" Curtis did not turn, though the tone, more insulting than the words, made his heart hot with battle.

A little farther on a saloon emptied a ferocious and drunken mob of men upon the sidewalk before him, and though he feared trouble he pushed steadily forward. They opened up and gave way to him, but he felt their hate like flame beating upon his face. He dared not turn a hair's-breadth to the right nor to the left—he could only walk straight on. "They will not dare to shoot me in the back," he thought, and beyond a volley of curses he was unassaulted.

The rotunda of the hotel was filled with a different but not less dangerous throng—the politicians and the leading citizens of the place were there assembled to escort Brisbane to the opera house, and the talk, though less profane than that of the saloon loafers, was quite as bitterly antagonistic. Mingled with these political bosses were a half-dozen newspaper men who instantly rushed upon Curtis in ill-concealed anxiety. "Captain, what is the news?" they breathlessly asked with pads and pencils ready.

"All quiet!" was his curt reply.

"But—but—we hear——"

"All lies!" he interrupted to say, and pushed on to the desk. "Are Senator Brisbane and party still here?" he asked as he signed.

The clerk applied the blotter. "Yes, the Senator is still at supper."

The young soldier took time to wash the dust from his face and hands and to smooth his hair before entering the dining room. At the door he paused and took account of his enemies. Brisbane and three of his most trusted supporters, still sitting over their coffee, were holding a low-voiced consultation at a corner table, and Lawson and Elsie sat waiting some distance away and near an open window. The Parkers were not in sight.

Elsie, upon seeing her lover, rose with a start; and her face, very white at first, flushed to a beautiful pink. Her lips shaped themselves to utter the words: "Why, there is Captain Curtis!" Her voice was inaudible.

As he hastened toward her, her eyes did not fall. She met him with both hands outstretched—eager, joyous!

"Ah, how good to see you! We were so deeply alarmed—Calvin warned you?"

"Yes. He met me before I left the Reservation."

"But—I expected you to bring soldiers—how did you escape? Did you find the cattlemen gone?"

"I flanked them." His face relaxed into a smile. "Discretion is a sort of valor sometimes. I took the Willow road."

Lawson now joined them and in his warm hand clasp showed his high regard for the soldier. His smile was exultant.

"I knew Calvin would do the work."

"You must be hungry," interposed Elsie. "Sit here and I will order something for you."

"I *was* hungry an hour ago," he said meaningly, "but now—I am not," he added. "But I am tired."

"The town is aflame," said Lawson. "You and your Tetongs are an issue here to-night. A big meeting is called and the Senator is to speak. He has discovered you," he added, glancing toward Brisbane, who had risen and was glaring at Curtis like an angry bear. "Excuse me—won't you?" pleaded Elsie, rising hastily. "I must not irritate him!"

Curtis also rose and looked deep into her eyes. "Shall I not see you again?"

She hesitated. "Yes. I shall not go to the meeting. Come to our parlor when you have finished supper."

He remained standing till she joined her father and passed from the room.

"Seriously, my dear Curtis," Lawson continued in a low voice, "you are in danger here. I hope you will not go out to-night. Uncle Sam's blue might not prove a protection in the dark of a night like this. Where did you leave your men?"

"At Ladue's. I gave them orders not to leave the corral."

"Quite right. Where is the Sheriff?"

This question brought a humorous light into the young soldier's eyes. "When I saw him last he was on Sagehen Flat swinging his revolver and cursing me;" and he told the story.

Lawson grew grave. "I'm sorry you had to do that—it will give them another grip on you. It's a technicality—but they'll use it. You must watch every one of your clerks from this on—they'll trump up a charge against you if they can and secure a court-martial. This election is really the last dying struggle of the political banditti of the State. They will be defeated. Take to-night as an example. The reckless devils, the loud of mouth, are alone in evidence: the better class of citizens dare not protest—dare not appear on the streets. But don't be deceived; you have your supporters even here, in the midst of this saturnalia of hate. You are an issue."

Curtis grimly smiled. "I accept the challenge! They can only order me back to my regiment."

Lawson continued: "As for Brisbane, he is on the point of collapse. He has lost his self control. He has a fixed notion that you are his most dangerous enemy and the mere mention of your name throws him into fury. I lost patience myself to-day, and opened fire. 'You are doomed to defeat!' I said to him. 'You represent the ignoble, greedy, conscienceless hustler and speculator, not the peaceful, justice-loving citizen of this State. Your dominion is gone—the reign of order and peace is about to begin.' If it were not for Elsie I would publicly denounce him, for his election would do incalculable injury to the West. Brisbane's course is run. He can't fill the legislature with his men as he did twelve years ago. He will fail of election by fifty votes."

"I hope so," responded Curtis with a sigh as Lawson rose. "But I have no faith in the courage of the better element—virtue is so timid and evil is always organized."

After Lawson left him Curtis hurriedly finished his supper and made his way to his room. Through the open windows he could hear the cheering which greeted Brisbane's entrance into the opera house, which faced upon the little square before the hotel. The street was thronged with noisy boys, and at intervals a band of young cowboys clattered into the square. The air seemed heavy—oppressive, electrical—and the shrill cheers which arose above the dull rumble of pounding bootheels in the hall possessed a savage animal note. Again a sense of impending disaster swept over the young soldier. "I am tired and nervous," he thought. "Surely law and order rule in a civilized community like this."

He was far from any other thoughts than those of Elsie as he followed the boy up the stairway to the Brisbane private parlor.

Elsie met him at the door, her face a quiver with feeling, a note of excitement in her voice. "Have you heard the cheering? They are denouncing you over there, I suppose."

"I suppose so. But let's not talk of such unimportant matters. This is our last evening together and I want to forget the storm outside. Since I left you last night I have had a most remarkable experience."

"Oh, you mean catching the murderer—tell me about it."

"That is not worth telling. I mean something more personal." Shrill yells from across the way interrupted him. "Hear them shout! Race hatred is in those voices."

She rose and shut the window. "I hate them! Please don't mind them.

"I had a deal of time to think on my long ride this morning and I reached some conclusions. When my prisoner was safe in the guard-house I went over to see how my little temple of art looked—I mean your studio, of course. I closed the door and dropped into one of the big chairs, hoping to gain rest and serenity in the beauty and quiet of the place. But I didn't; I was deeply depressed."

She opened her eyes very wide at this. "Why?"

"Because everything I saw emphasized the irrevocable loss I had suffered. I couldn't endure the thought of it, and I fled. I could not remain without weeping, and you know a man is ashamed of his tears. Then, when I got your warning note, I flung all scruples to the winds! 'It is not a crime to love a woman,' I said. 'I will write to her and tell her that I am a poor soldier and Indian Agent, but I love her—no matter what happens.' And now I find you here I tell it instead of writing it."

She was facing him with a look of wonder and alarm. One hand laid upon her throat seemed to express suffering. When she spoke her voice was very low.

"What do you expect me to say—why do you tell me this?"

"I don't know. I only know that I could not rest till I had spoken. For a long time I thought you were bound to Lawson—and since then I've tried to keep silent because of my poverty and—oh, of course, I cannot reasonably ask you to do anything at all except—except to say, 'I am sorry.' When I found you were still here the desire to let you know my feelings overcame every other consideration. I can't even do the customary thing and ask you to wait, for my future is as uncertain—as my present is fixed—but if you could say you loved me—a little——" He ended abruptly, as though seized by a merciless hand.

She was still silent, but her eyes were turned toward the window and her hands were in her lap. At last his throat was freed and he went on.

"If your father is a true prophet I shall be ordered back to my regiment. That will hurt me, but it won't ruin me exactly. It would be a shameful thing if the Department sacrificed me to expediency—but politicians are wonderful people! If you were not so much an artist, and Senator Brisbane's daughter, I would ask you to come to me and help me do my work—but I can't quite do that yet. I can only say you are more to me now than any other soul in the world. I do this because I can't keep from it," he repeated, in poor ending.

"I've heard that the best way to make a woman love a man is to persecute the man," she replied, smiling a little though her eyes were wet. "When you were apparently triumphant I hated you; now——" She hesitated, and a sudden timidity shook her.

He sprang up. "Can you carry out the figure? I dare you to finish the sentence! Do you care for me a little?" His face, suddenly illuminated, moved her powerfully.

"I'm afraid I do—wait, please!" She stopped him with a gesture. "You mustn't think I mean more than I do. My mind is all in a whirl now—I must take time to consider. Your being poor and an Indian Agent wouldn't make any difference to me if—but I must be sure. I respect you—I admire you very much—and last night when I said good by I felt a sharp pain here. But I must be sure. There are so many things against it," she ended, covering her eyes with her hand, in deep perplexity.

His eyes were alight—his voice eager. "Let me argue my case a little. I am not a beggar—I can go back to my regiment—get a transfer——"

"And give up your 'work'?"

"If it came absolutely to a choice—I'm afraid I'd take you—it would be such a glorious thing if you could join me in my work."

"No! No! That is impossible; I should die here! I have no sense of duty toward these poor vagabonds. I'm sorry for them—but to live here! I should go crazy!"

"You could paint them while I laid out irrigating ditches for them." His spirits were rising. Her doubt gave him great hope.

"I should soon tire of them—I am not of martyr stock."

"Think what you could do with your great wealth! These people are as worthy of charitable aid as the dwellers of the city slums."

"I'm not inclined to work in the slums—and besides, if I displease my father he can leave me poor. Hark! What is that?"

A faint, far-off thundering sound interrupted them—a roar of hoofs, a chorus of yelping outcries. Hastening to the window, Curtis bent his head to listen. "It sounds like a cavalry charge," he said after a moment's pause. "Here they come—cowboys—a mob of them! It must be Yarpe's gang, bent on making trouble."

Whooping and cursing, and urging their tired horses with quirt and spur, the desperadoes, somewhat thinned of ranks and as orderless as a charging squad of Sioux warriors, poured by in clattering, pounding rush, and turning up a side street disappeared as swiftly as they came.

"I see their plan," said Curtis as he faced Elsie with pale face and blazing eyes. "They have followed me in to force the jail and lynch Cut-Finger. I must prevent it!"

"No! No!" implored Elsie, seizing his arm. "You must not go out—they will kill you. Please don't go—you have done your duty."

"Dear girl—I must! Don't you see they have seized the moment when the citizens are all at the hall or on the square?—I must alarm the town and prevent this horrible thing."

The cheering in the hall broke forth again, roared for a moment in wild crescendo, and then stopped instantly, strangely. After a moment's silence a confused murmur

(Continued on Page 15)

Real Estate Wanted

By Nixon Waterman

THERE isn't land enough! That's why there's so much trouble brewing,
And warship manufacturers have all got something doing
Go where you will about the world you'll find some eager squatter
Has gobbled every speck of earth that sticks above the water.

It used to be the proper thing when peoples grew too crowded
To sail across the unknown seas which then in myths were shrouded,
And find a brand-new continent as big as all creation
And slice it up and trade it off to every tribe and nation.

But were Columbus here to-day, and, likewise, Isabella,
They couldn't find a patch of ground as big as an umbrella
That isn't duly tagged and stamped and charted and, hard by it,
Perchance a warship loafing 'round to sink those who'd deny it.

In olden times geographies had maps that dimly faded
Off into spots marked "unexplored," but now they're clearly shaded
To each degree and parallel, while tribes combat each other
To have a boundary react six feet one way or t'other.

Yes, real estate is growing scarce and, likewise, so expensive
We ought to find some way to make the sea much less extensive.
Of all the surface of the globe why should but one small quarter
Be solid land and all the rest just water, water, water?

If you have crossed the wide, wild sea, and had that tired feeling
That steals beneath the traveler's vest whene'er the ship is reeling,
You've often thought, as day by day you deemed the ship was sinking,
There's lots more water in the world than people want for drinking.

So really all we need to make our landed surface greater
Is just to find, for water, some unique annihilator.
The sea is now so far across it's something of a bother;
We need but just enough to reach from one coast to another.

And since in vain for still more land we've closely searched the ocean,
If we'd increase our real estate, 'twould be a clever notion
To drain the sea until we find new islands rising through it—
But where's Columbus Number Two who'll tell us how to do it?

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶ There will not be glory enough for all if many more decisions are handed down in the Sampson-Schley matter

¶ The supply of historical novels must be running short. A Sunday newspaper cartoon has just been "dramatized"

¶ Those persons who expected one end of Manhattan Island to tip up when Prince Henry stepped on the other end were a bit disappointed.

¶ Despite imperial edicts of prohibition, daily newspapers are making their appearance in China. Presumably they are of the "yellow" variety.

¶ That Canadian member of Parliament who says Canada could whip the United States in six months should be paired with Congressman Wheeler of Kentucky.

¶ A Boston doctor has explained away the benefits of vaccination. In a spirit of bravado he spent a day in the pesthouse. Now he is trying to explain away an abundant crop of pockmarks.

¶ No one can blame the Territories for being discouraged by the delay of Congress in regard to their admission. They have been living on promises for a decade, and the suspense is growing tiresome. It is an interesting illustration of how the sureness of a thing aids the procrastination.

¶ Europeans are coming over in larger numbers to find out how we are achieving all this new industrial greatness. They may investigate and utilize our methods, but by the time they get them in running order our progressive workmen will have new improvements to keep their present superiority leading at the same old gait.

The Sight that Henry Saw

WHEN Prince Henry visited Washington he saw the one really unique thing of his journey. New York is a great seaport, but so is Hamburg. Philadelphia is a great manufacturing city, but so is Chemnitz. American railroads are fast, but those of Germany are not slow. American battleships are formidable, but the navy in which the Prince is an Admiral has some good ones of its own. But there is nothing like Washington anywhere else in the world. It is the only city created and maintained exclusively for the purposes of a national capital. In every great European capital, except possibly The Hague, the seat of government is absorbed in and overshadowed by the commercial metropolis. Even St. Petersburg, which owes its existence to the will of a monarch who determined to plant his government there, is a business emporium, as its founder intended it to be. Constantinople, ever since its foundation as the new Rome, has been the focus of all the activities of the East

Although Washington is now as large as a European capital of the second class and is growing at a rate that will probably put it soon in the first rank, it owes nothing to anything but the presence of the National Government. The Burnham plan for its embellishment emphasizes its singleness of function In any European capital such a plan would require enormous condemnations of private property at a prohibitive expense Here the Government owns half the land in the city. The private portions appear on the map as hardly more than patches on the great masses of public reservations. The most superb and comprehensive designs can be carried out with very slight encroachments on the holdings of individuals.

The growth of Washington has vindicated the foresight of its founders. Our ancestors had to put up with a good deal of ridicule from superior foreigners for making believe that the straggling, unkempt village on the Potomac was a capital, that the interminable stretches of rural roads diversified by mudholes were avenues, and that the fields choked with stumps and brambles were squares, circles and parks

New York, Philadelphia and Boston were respectable towns even then. They could have accommodated the President and Congress in a good deal more comfort and in considerably better style than could be done in the raw little town where Dolly Madison hung her washing to dry in the chief reception-room of the President's mansion

The founders of Washington struggled on with the eye of faith that has seen so many things in this country that have been hidden from the critical view of foreign observers. It was not the village of their time that they saw, but the fairy city of the future. They saw it just as they saw mighty commercial emporiums by Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, where the amused and contemptuous foreigners could discern nothing but squalid cabins surrounded by grass and mud That fairy city is taking form now, so that it no longer needs the eye of faith to see it. A very little touch of the prophetic imagination is enough to picture Washington as the unapproachable marvel among the capitals of the world. If we think of the Capitol, the White House and the Library of Congress jostling twenty-story skyscrapers for elbow-room on Broadway, and contrast that picture with the long ranks of stately public buildings, set with the dignity of ample space in the plans of the Burnham Commission, we can appreciate the wisdom of the founders of the Republic in creating a capital worthy of it.

It's a wise robin that takes the ground-hog's tip.

Good Times for the Army

THE regular Army and Navy of the United States have long been distinguished in the military world for the high average of ability displayed in the lower grades of their commissioned officers. One reason for this was plain to all professional observers, for in no nation of Europe are there two schools equal to our academies at West Point and Annapolis The courses of instruction at these schools are so long, exacting and thorough, that military essays by graduates not long out of their teens have been commended by European officers of high rank.

But there was another reason, and to it the united services did not point with pride; it was that promotion was so slow that both Army and Navy contained many gray-haired lieutenants. In the Civil War there were thousands of companies whose captains—able officers, too—were not old enough to have mustaches, but before the war with Spain a regular army officer was thought lucky if he reached a captaincy by his forty-fifth birthday. There are captains on the retired list, though the Army age for retirement is sixty-four years. In the Navy the conditions were quite as strange; officers older than were Perry, Macdonough, Decatur, Hull or Stewart, when these worthies with their fleets or frigates humiliated and astonished Great Britain in the War of 1812, thought themselves fortunate if they got command of a little gunboat in the war with Spain.

Titles are somewhat misleading, for a naval lieutenant of the senior grade ranks with an army captain, and a naval captain has the relative rank of a colonel in the army, but the misery was alike in both branches of the service—men eminently qualified for command rank failed to reach it, for retirement for age, which is compulsory, prevented them.

Gray hairs are not a disgrace in a service where promotion goes by seniority, but no man, however brave and highly qualified as soldier or sailor, can get much professional encouragement from the certainty that only by accident can he have a chance to distinguish himself while he is in his physical prime—a condition which is specially desirable in hard military service. In the battles in front of Santiago four years ago were many middle-aged officers—survivors of gallant fights against Indians and of some of the most noteworthy marches on record, but most of these fine fellows, instead of commanding regiments, had little to do but to lead or follow small companies that were quite competent and willing to fight without special direction except by field officers.

But the scare which feeble Spain was able to give our forts and fleets several years ago resulted in a general strengthening of our defenses by land and sea, with the result that there has been an increase in the personnel of both Army and Navy. The consequent promotions in both branches of the service have caused a general disappearance, let us hope forever, of that anomaly in military circles, the gray hatred lieutenant. Any civilian who is acquainted in the Army and Navy sees that a change for the better has already begun, and that with the impending retirement, for age, of many general and field officers of the Army and admirals and captains of the Navy, our fighting force will soon be officered by men as young, grade for grade, as those of any armies and fleets of the Old World

Ping pong may not be so bad as it sounds

An Assault on April First

IT APPEARS that the leading club women of a prominent Western city have pronounced against the pranks of All Fools' Day. These pleasantries, say the ladies, lack in real humor, and do nothing for the Betterment of the Race. Alas, one by one are the cherished institutions of the ages attacked! The only gleam of light in the darkness is the fact that these are the same ladies who early in February issued a manifesto against the comic valentine, the latter part of the month bringing a statement from the manufacturers of these works of art that sales were never larger.

Why do the ladies rage against the first of April? Is it possible that they have been the victims of some of this humor which is not real humor? Or, worse yet, have they attempted some of this spurious humor which has failed? It is a sad thing to try to pick up a pocketbook just as it is jerked away by a string, but it is sadder carefully to arrange such a masterpiece of humor and then to have the intended victim plant his foot on the string and with an unfeeling jeer cast the purse into the middle of the street. But surely prominent club women, leaders of society, would never hide behind a lumber pile gleefully holding a pocketbook string while they waited for the principal of the school to come along. It is not so certain, however, that they might not on occasion essay the annexation of a strung purse, or take up one stringless but stuffed with sand and paper. Then, too, they may easily have fallen victims to the toothsome-looking doughnut harboring nothing but cotton-batting, or the pumpkin pie concocted of sawdust and soap.

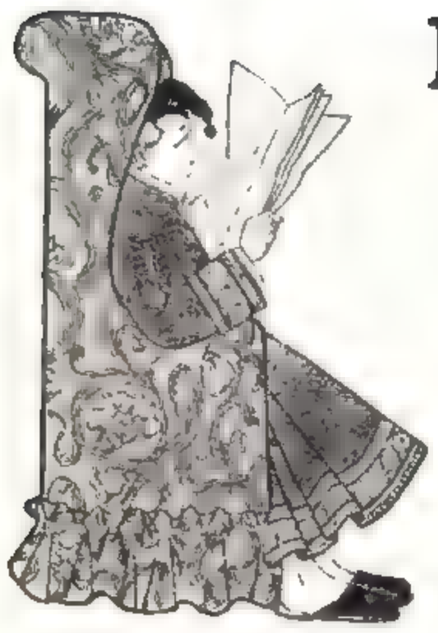
But, after all, the cause of the ladies' action is of minor importance; the real point is, Is this the beginning of a movement which will sweep away another of childhood's delicious joys? It seems especially hard to think of giving up the ancient hat with the brick under it on the sidewalk. Here we have real humor; no club woman shall tell us that it is not real, it is the true essence of humor, embodied, made concrete and manifest to the eye—and toe. Besides, this is of real benefit to society; the leading citizen, perhaps grown haughty, purse-proud and overbearing, suffers a true chastening of the spirit and is a better man after he has kicked the ancient headgear in his arrogant way and found the brick. The memory of it goes with him through the year, and turns his thoughts to good works. Woman, spare April Fool Day; touch not a single joke!

The March lamb must wish he'd stayed in the ark

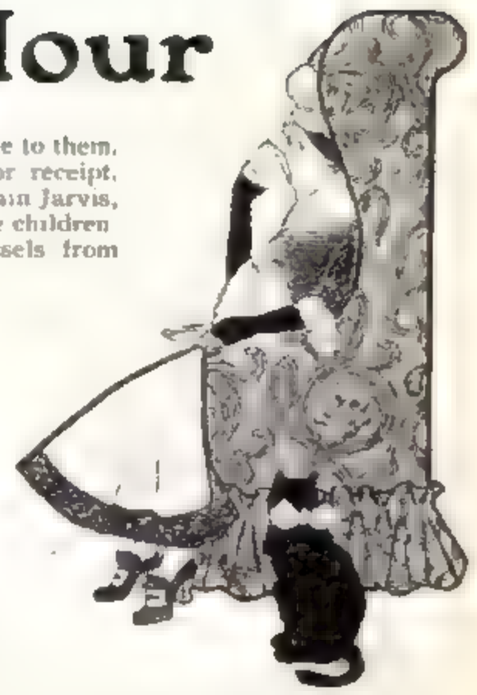
When the Sounders are Silent

WITHOUT regard to the question whether wireless telegraphy can be developed into a commercial rival of the old system, the experiences of the past winter have disclosed a practical use for the new device as an emergency resource. In every great storm the wires in considerable parts of the country have been down. For some time Philadelphia was cut off from the world. The message that announced Prince Henry's arrival to the President had to travel three thousand miles from New York to Washington by way of New Orleans. On many railroads trains were stalled, not by the direct obstruction of the snow-drifts, but by the impossibility of getting telegraphic orders. A wireless apparatus installed in each important office as a supplement to the ordinary arrangements would have been remarkably handy at such times.

There is no reason why any city in the country should ever again be entirely cut off from telegraphic communication as Philadelphia was last month. The wireless system might not be able to carry the entire volume of messages, but it could take care of the most urgent. It could give orders to trains, it could announce the arrival of foreign princes, it could give the stock market quotations, it could carry directions about important business transactions, and it could supply the press with information on the chief events of the day. Already no steamer is considered properly equipped for an ocean voyage unless it carries wireless telegraphic apparatus. A city ought to have as good facilities for communication as a ship.



Men & Women of the Hour



repay him, but he said that if Jarvis would take them on his own responsibility he was more than welcome to them. And the Eskimo's faith in Jarvis was such that he refused utterly to accept a written acknowledgment or receipt.

Frequently the civil authorities in Alaska, when unable to manage refractory natives, have called upon Captain Jarvis, who, without arms and without a guard, has been able to pacify and disperse the unruly men as if they were children.

"In his adventures in Alaska, whether on relief expeditions or in turning back plague-stricken vessels from northern ports, Captain Jarvis has not gone armed," said one of his colleagues. "His mastery over men is due altogether to his wonderful self-command and his moral force. Although beloved by the rough frontiersmen and feared by the outlaw element, Jarvis has none of the rough characteristics which might be supposed to win leadership among these classes. He is modest and reticent, never enters a bar, never makes any sort of burly demonstration, and is not a 'mixer.'

"At one time a pirate cruising in Arctic waters terrorized the coast. Jarvis, then a Lieutenant, was sent by Captain Healey, known far and wide as a grim commander, to effect the capture. It was believed that the pirate had taken refuge in a certain shelter, and Jarvis was sent there with instructions not to return without the sea-bandit. On entering the cove Jarvis learned from friendly natives that the pirate craft had gone a hundred miles down the coast. Undaunted, and obedient to instructions, he followed. Ten days later he returned with the outlaw and his ship in charge. In emergencies of any sort he is cool and resourceful.

"On another occasion Jarvis was sent with a small boat and crew to carry provisions to stranded miners. The boat was overturned in the surf, but Jarvis remained cool and managed to save his crew. A boat sent to his rescue perished with all on board. When the storm had somewhat abated Jarvis put back to the revenue cutter. One of the ship's officers, viewing the struggling craft through a telescope, said to the grizzled Captain Healey:

"'Lieutenant Jarvis' boat is returning, sir, but the Lieutenant, I am sorry to report, is not on her.'

"'You're a liar!' thundered the Captain. 'If the Lieutenant's boat is coming I'll bet a thousand dollars he's aboard!'"

Jarvis has always shunned publicity. After he rescued the victims of the ice pack at Point Barrow he was ordered to report at Washington. Newspaper reporters from Seattle to the National Capital watched for him, but he eluded them all. His friends say that he regards this as the greatest achievement of his career.

In appearance Captain Jarvis gives no hint of his rugged nature. He is boyish in build and almost shy in manner. But those who saw him, single-handed, march half a hundred cutthroats of Nome to his launch and embark with them for the Bear, say that he was like a man transformed.

In the Senate, on January 23, Senator Turner, of Washington, reported a resolution recognizing the heroic services of Captain Jarvis in Alaska.

"Captain Jarvis," said a friend, "was the only man opposed to the resolution."

Payne, a Political Prophet

HON. HENRY C. PAYNE

MR. HENRY C. PAYNE, the new Postmaster General, is a remarkable type of the modern political leader who dominates by the same kind of genius which builds vast fortunes. A sound capacity for organization; a shrewd judgment of men; an imperturbable mentality which accomplishes its purposes by means of intellectual instead of emotional processes—these are felt to be the principal characteristics of the man who is spoken of among the party leaders as the "political member" of President Roosevelt's Cabinet.

No trait of Mr. Payne's character is more conspicuous than his political sagacity. Among newspaper men he is held to be a political prophet without a peer. The manner in which his reputation was earned is decidedly interesting. In the campaign of 1896 Mr. Payne declined to give out any estimates until a fortnight before election. Then the reporters were called into his room at National Republican Headquarters, and he read from a slip of paper a list of States which, in his opinion, would give their electoral votes for Mr. McKinley. Mr. Payne's estimate was printed in the newspapers of the West, and when the returns came in it was found that he had made a mistake in regard to only one State.

"I'll try to do better next time!" he assured his newspaper friends.

Until within a month before the close of the campaign of 1900 Mr. Payne declined to indulge in prophecies. Then the managers of the opposing party took a new shift and instantly the future Postmaster-General's mood changed. His enthusiasm was irrepressible and he exclaimed: "We've got 'em on the run now! It's a victory, sure."

To the surprise of the reporters he gave out an estimate of the results, although the election was nearly four weeks distant. He redeemed his promise to "do better," too, for his prophecy was fulfilled to a State. In the West, at least, there is no discount of the political sagacity of Henry C. Payne.

There is, however, another side to his nature known only to his most intimate friends. This is his devotion to his wife, who has but recently escaped from a period of invalidism which extended over many years. For much of that time she was unable to leave her room and suffered the most intense agony. To lessen her pain and bring into her life gleams of brightness have formed the dominant purpose of his life. His devotion to her has been of a rarely tender and untiring kind.

Those who would touch upon a topic which never fails to enlist the keenest sympathy of Mrs. Payne will suggest the subject of ceramics. Not only is she thoroughly versed in the lore of china decoration, but she does exquisite work in this field of painting. Her collection of fine china is said to be one of the best in the West.

The Bravery of Captain Jarvis

CAPTAIN DAVID H. JARVIS

CAPTAIN DAVID H. JARVIS, of the Revenue Cutter Bear, who won distinction in 1898 by his intelligent daring in his command of the overland Government expedition to Point Barrow for the relief of imperiled whalers, has been selected by President Roosevelt as the proper man to untangle the complex condition of Federal affairs at Nome, Alaska; and, to effect reform there, he has been appointed Collector of Customs for the District of Alaska.

Captain Jarvis is a remarkable man. He has more power personally over the natives of Alaska than has the United States Government. On his thousand-mile journey over the ice-wilderness, where he faced blizzards before which even hardened Aleuts and Eskimos recoiled, it became necessary to purchase three hundred reindeer as a food reserve for the ice-bound men in the far desolation of Point Barrow. Charlie Artisall, an Eskimo of prominence, declined to part with his herd though promised that the United States would liberally

How Mr. Straus Won the Sultan

MR. OSCAR S. STRAUS

MR. OSCAR S. STRAUS, who has just been appointed by President Roosevelt as delegate to the Hague Peace Conference, served for two terms as Minister of the United States to Turkey. He was at Constantinople when Aguinaldo's forces rose against the United States Government in the Philippines and through prompt action he prevented the augmentation of the insurgent ranks by the large Mohammedan population of the islands. Owing to the usages of the State Department, which prohibit the publication of matters of state, Mr. Straus' action, though of great importance to his country, was never made public. The details, however, are well known to a limited circle.

Mr. Straus, besides being a wealthy merchant and a diplomat of high standing, is also a student. He has made a specialty of the history of religious freedom and is the author of several books on the subject. The knowledge he had absorbed in the course of his reading was of great aid to him on the occasion mentioned.

The Mohammedans of the Philippines recognize the Sultan of Turkey as head of their church. Mr. Straus, knowing this, called on the Sultan as soon as he heard of the outbreak of the insurrection. "I come," he said, "to beg your Imperial Majesty to use your good offices to bring the Mohammedans of the South Philippine Islands, Mindanao and the Zulu Archipelago to our side, and to restrain them from joining the insurgents."

"But," said the Sultan, "won't your country try to take their religion away from these people?"

"Certainly not. The corner-stone of the whole system of Government in the United States is religious freedom, and, so far from there being any hostility to the Mohammedan religion, the case is exactly the reverse. As an evidence of the recognition of this by Mohammedan Powers, I beg to call Your Majesty's attention to the terms of a treaty negotiated more than a hundred years ago in the Administration of our first President with the Bey of Tripoli."

Thereupon Mr. Straus produced a copy of this ancient treaty, the very existence of which is probably not known by a hundred persons in the United States, much less the circumstances leading up to its negotiation.

The Barbary Powers had always declined to enter into any treaty with the European Governments because of the fact that under them the church and state were united, and a recognition of the Government would have involved a recognition of the Christian church as an institution. When the Envoy of President Washington proposed the treaty which was afterward agreed to, the Government of Tripoli declined to consider it. The Envoy thereupon pointed out that, in the new Government across the ocean, there was no recognition of any church; and a special article was inserted in the treaty to that effect. On this basis the treaty was agreed to.

As soon as Mr. Straus had finished reading this clause of the understanding between President Washington and the Bey of Tripoli, the Sultan declared himself perfectly satisfied and ready to do what he could with the Mohammedans in the Philippines. He telegraphed to one of the Philippine leaders, who happened to be in Mecca, and as a result that dignitary left at once for the scene of trouble. Here he laid the Sultan's advice before the other leaders, and the Mohammedans ranged themselves on the side of the United States.

The Senator's Name at the Gate

HON. ARTHUR P. GORMAN

DURING his career in the United States Senate, Mr. Arthur Pue Gorman, who has recently been reelected to that body, took conspicuous rank among national legislators. Among his constituents in Maryland Mr. Gorman was long known as "the Sphinx," and this title followed him to the Senate, where he was both admired and feared.

"Day after day," said one of his old colleagues, "the grim Marylander would sit listening to a heated debate over some important measure. Even if the proposed bill were against the interests of his constituents he would not interrupt Senators, either to ask questions or to combat their arguments, nor would he mingle in the conflict when his fellow opponents combined to fight the measure. But when the whole subject had been threshed over, and the vote was about to be taken, Gorman would break his ominous silence. With calm and critical judgment he would review the entire subject, and then would stir the Senate with an oratorical effort that would win the admiration of even his enemies.

"This habit Gorman had of reserving his fire," continued his former associate, "finally made him a formidable figure in the Senate. At first his colleagues—some of them, at least—made the mistake of regarding his silence as an indication either of indifference or of inability to grapple with the subject. The fact that Gorman had once been a page in the Senate induced some of the older members to regard him, early in his Senatorial career, with indifference. But none of them made the mistake more than once. I remember congratulating a famous Senator for his splendid efforts in behalf of a certain cause and of saying to him that triumph for his measure seemed certain.

"'Let us not be oversanguine,' he replied, 'for we must remember that Gorman hasn't yet been heard from.'"

Major James Albert Clark, who for many years as a Republican editor in Maryland strenuously opposed Gorman, speaks in the highest terms of the Senator. "Gorman," says Major Clark, "would have been at home in the Roman Senate. We have not had so grim a statesman since Daniel Webster. I have known Gorman for nearly a quarter of a century and during all that time I never knew him to indulge in a laugh in public. No element of frivolity ever enters into his dealings with affairs of state. It is only in his home life, which is ideal, that he throws off his burdens. And no man ever loved home more than Gorman does. Seeing him there, at frolic with children, one would not imagine him to be the Jove of the Senate, which he was, and, no doubt, will be again. It is said of Gorman," added the Major, "that in all his public career he has never passed a Sunday away from his family."

Both the friends and opponents of Gorman acknowledge his masterly qualities as a leader. "Apropos of his strength in this regard and to illustrate how completely his followers rely upon his judgment," said a Washington official, "one of his old-time colleagues is fond of telling of a dream he had. He says he dreamed that a Maryland statesman died and in due time was ushered before the Ultimate Gate, before which all spirits stand to await St. Peter's verdict.

"Finally the gate swung open.

"'You may enter,' said the venerable Saint.

"The shade from Maryland hesitated, and St. Peter desired to know the secret of his indecision.

"'Well,' replied the hesitating one, 'I suppose it's all right for me to go in, but before I take any step along this line I should greatly prefer to be able to confer with Senator Gorman, of Maryland.'"

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The Reading Table

Weatherwise Animals

NEAR the first of a recent November I asked an old veteran hunter to forecast for me the kind of weather that might be expected during the coming winter.

"The almanac," he replied, "says a mild winter and no snow until after the twenty-sixth of December; but the pine squirrel says we are going to have early snow and lots of it, and a cold hard winter."

One of the signs most frequently observed and quoted is the sign of the pine squirrel. This pert little fellow is very much in evidence in the woods, and his winter preparations are so elaborate and carried on so openly that the least observant of mortals can scarcely fail to notice them.

Of course, the pine squirrel always gathers bedding in the fall, but it is his manner of doing it that constitutes a sign. If you have frequented the woods enough to claim an acquaintance with the squirrels you can easily detect whether they are making an elaborate and hurried preparation—a sign of a cold and early winter—or slowly and listlessly preparing their winter beds, which is regarded as a sign of a mild or "open" winter.

When in the early fall nearly every squirrel you meet is carrying a big bundle of the fibres of cedar bark for bedding, and is working with an energy that seems to show that he feels he will very shortly need every scrap he can get together to keep himself warm, then, as my old hunter remarked, "the pine squirrel says we are going to have early snow and lots of it, and a cold, hard winter."

But if, on the other hand, he gathers his bedding slowly and a little at a time, just as he feels the need of it, and seems to say by his manner: "Last night I slept a little chilly; guess I had better have another coverlet;" that is understood to be a sign of a moderate winter.

After the pine squirrel, the partridge, or ruffed grouse, is honored as a weather prophet. When in the fall the hollow boom of the partridge's drumming is heard in the thickets bordering on the clearings, the woods-wise old-timers will tell you it is a sign that tells of a mild winter, or at least a long, warm fall season. The partridge is drumming, they say, because he is happy, and he is happy because he knows it is going to be a mild winter. If you find a partridge with feathers on his legs and feet it is a sign of a severe winter. The inference is that the wise partridge, knowing it would be cold, ordered a pair of leggins along with his winter suit. My chief objection to this sign is that so few get the information in time to get their leggins. Partridges with befeathered feet are always very rare, and the rest of the poor things must suffer with cold shanks.

The woods rabbit is also considered a weather-wise fellow. One of his chief protections against his keen-eyed enemies is the harmonizing changing of the color of his coat. In summer he is dead-leaf brown; in winter he is almost snow-white. But if, when the first early snow covers the ground, the rabbit is observed still clothed in brown, or wearing a coat of mixed brown and white, the observer believes that the snow will soon melt away and leave bare ground. And when the rabbit appears in white in early fall it is considered a sign of a deep and lasting fall of snow, and that very soon.

For some the loon foretells the coming of winter. An old trapper once said to me: "When the loon leaves it's time to be ready for winter." The loon loves so well his summer haunts on the Northern inland waters that he delays his trip South until the last moment. The mercury may take a sudden drop; snow may fall in blinding clouds, but if through the whirling, spectral whiteness the wild, tremulous call of the loon comes to your ears be assured that the storm will not be severe. Before the icy grip of winter closes in earnest over forest and lake the knowing loon will be well away on his journey toward the South.

Another sign to which trappers pay attention is the fall house-building of the beaver and the muskrat. These two fur-bearing animals, although differing widely in structure and habits, build themselves winter quarters quite similar in material and construction. On the edge of their favorite stream they construct a mound of mud and sedge, with chambers in the centre, in which, when the ground is frozen solid, the occupants are almost as secure as if they were incased in a block of granite. When these winter houses are especially large, denoting an unusual thickness of the outer walls, it is said to be a sign of a hard winter, the builders having made their wall extra thick to keep out the cold. If the houses are built on higher ground than usual, and farther away from the water's edge, it is taken as a sign that there will be extraordinarily high water the following spring.

Still another sign which old hunters often mention concerns insects instead of animals. When the hornets' nest hangs high in the bush they say it is going to be a severe winter, for the hornets have hung their nest so high to keep it above the snow. When the nest hangs low it will be an open winter. I can vouch for this sign going wrong once. A cold, rough winter followed a fall when I noticed that the hornets' nest hung low.

Indeed, the signs are not always infallible. Once I asked a man locally famous for his experience and woodcraft his opinion of the approaching winter, and all his predictions proved to be faulty. The next spring when I took him to task he replied that during his long experience he had observed that there were occasional seasons when all signs failed.

But although the signs may sometimes go wrong there is plenty of evidence seeming to prove that the animals are to a certain extent conscious of future weather conditions, and that they make their plans and live their lives accordingly. —*Horace Craig*

Keep A-Trying

By Nixon Waterman

Say "I will!" and then stick to it—
That's the only way to do it.
Don't build up a while and then
Tear the whole thing down again.
Fix the goal you wish to gain,
Then go at it heart and brain,
And, though clouds shut out the blue,
Do not dim your purpose true
With your sighing.
Stand erect, and like a man
Know "They can who think they can."
Keep a-trying.

Had Columbus, half seas o'er,
Turned back to his native shore,
Men would not, to-day, proclaim
Round the world his deathless name.
So must we sail on with him
Past horizons far and dim,
Till at last we own the prize
That belongs to him who tries
With faith undying;
Own the prize that all may win
Who, with hope, through thick and thin
Keep a-trying.

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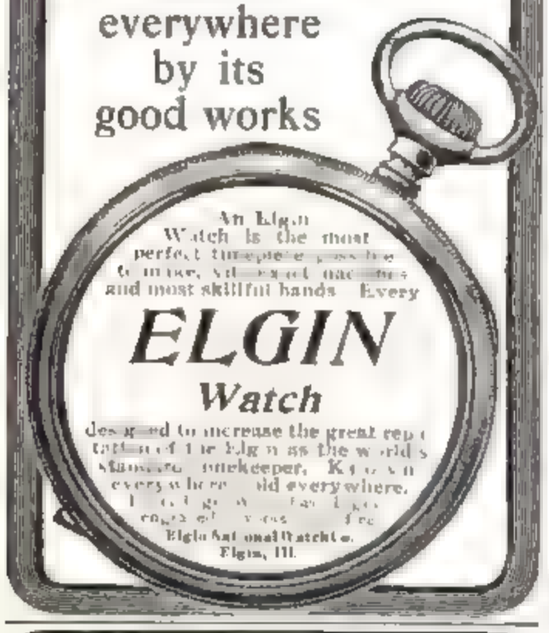

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The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

(Continued from Page 11)

arose quite different from any sound which had hitherto emanated from the assembly room. A powerful voice soon dominated all others and the words of command could be distinctly heard: "*Keep back there! Keep your seats!*"

"The meeting is breaking up!" exclaimed Curtis. "Some one has alarmed them. They are coming out! They will prevent this crazy mob from carrying out its plan."

The shouting ceased, but the trample of feet and the murmur of voices thickened to a clamor, and a thick, dark mass of men began to pour from the doors down into the street.

Elsie turned white with a freezing fear. "They are coming across the square. Perhaps they are coming for *you*."

He smiled a little, but his eyes remained stern. "I don't think so, they would not dare to attack me. They hate me, but—"

A panic seized her. "Hide! Hide! They will kill you!"

"No, dearest, I will not sneak! If they want me—here I am!"

"For my sake!" she pleaded, mad with terror.

"It is impossible," he responded tenderly. "Listen! They are not shouting. They are not coming for me." The sound of many feet could be heard in the lobby below, and the roar of a hundred voices came up the stairway, but even the overwrought girl could detect something hushed and solemn in the sound—something mournful in the measured footsteps on the stairs.

"It is father!" she cried in a flash of divination. "Something has happened to him!" And she hurried out into the hall.

Curtis reached her side just as the head of the procession topped the stairway. Brisbane, upborne by Lawson and a tall young stranger, first appeared, followed by a dozen men, who walked two and two with bared heads and solemn faces, as if following a hearse. The stricken man's face was flushed and knobby, and his eyelids drooped laxly like those of a drunkard. He saw nothing and his breathing was labored.

"Father, what has happened?" called Elsie. "Speak to me!" She turned to Lawson. "Osborne—tell me."

"A touch of aphasia," answered Lawson. "The doctor says nothing serious."

"Are *you* the doctor?" she asked of the young man at Lawson's elbow.

"Yes, Doctor Philips. Don't be alarmed. The Senator has overtaxed himself a little—that is all. He needs rest. Show me his bed, and we will make him comfortable."

Elsie led the way to the bedroom while Curtis stood helplessly at the door facing the crowd in the hall. Lawson relieved the situation by coming out later to say:

"Gentlemen, the doctor thanks you, and requests you to leave the Senator to rest as quietly as possible."

After this dismissal had cleared the way Lawson turned to Curtis. "The old man's work as a speaker is done. Rather tragic business, don't you think? He was assailing you with the utmost bitterness. He was tremendous, his big right fist was in the air like a hammer when he fell."

Curtis seized Lawson's hand and said: "I envy you your chance to go with her and serve her. I must return to my duties." At the word his face changed. "The mob! Did you hear Yarpe and his men pass?"

"No—when?"

"Not ten minutes ago."

The doctor appeared—"Mr. Lawson, a moment."

As Lawson hurried into the sick-room a far-off, faint volley of pistol-shots broke the hush that had settled over the square. Distant yells followed—and the sound as of a giant hammering. The young soldier lifted his head like a young lion listening to a battle-call. "They are beating in the gates!" he said. For a moment he hesitated. "She is safe!" he thought, with a glance toward Elsie's door. "My men and the poor little wife are not." And he rushed down the stairway and out into the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Pegasus Poets' Club

IN MR. E. C. STEDMAN'S American Anthology the names of six Philadelphia poets are mentioned. These six belong to one club. This club is almost unknown, not only to outsiders, but to Philadelphia itself. It is the oldest, if not the only, club of its sort in America. Mr. Owen Wister, himself a Philadelphian, has said that when a Bostonian is told that another Bostonian has distinguished himself, he replies: "Quite natural;" but that when a Philadelphian is told that another Philadelphian has distinguished himself, he replies: "Quite impossible."

The name of the organization is The Pegasus Club. A well-known professor in the University of Pennsylvania had a way of stopping at a little café, with sanded floor and German crockery, for a bit of luncheon at half after six each night.

The café was widely known to local fame, as being one of the odd places in Philadelphia life. Its keeper was a German, dear to the hearts of the better class of "Bohemians." One night the professor saw the shoulders of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell disappearing through a little back door.

"Why is Doctor Mitchell going back there?" he asked. "Have you a dining-room behind that door?"

"Oh, no," said the German; "Doctor Mitchell is going back there to a club meeting."

"A club meeting here?" said the professor. "What kind of a club?"

"Oh, I don't know what they do, sir," said the German; "they are very quiet, and they are great gentlemen. They seem to read aloud most of the time while they are having their dinner, and nobody makes speeches but they laugh all the time."

"How interesting!" said the professor. "Who belongs?"

"Well, sir, they're big men—Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Doctor Solis-Cohen, Mr. Harrison Morris, Mr. Owen Wister, Doctor Da Costa and Mr. Francis Howard Williams."

"And the name of the club?" asked the professor. "Oh! They call it the Big Asses Club," answered the German.

The Pegasus Club is unique for many reasons. It has extraordinary rules. Its method of examining applicants is mental hazing. Its membership is limited to twenty. Thus far, the club has not quite reached its full membership. It was started fifteen years ago. Throughout that time, it has met monthly at a dinner. The club furnishes ale for the dinner and each member pays for his food.

Nothing that savors of formality is allowed. The German eating-house, with sanded floor, heavy crockery and stolid wooden tables, situated on a side street, possessed the atmosphere desired by the club. But the good natured German went out of the business, and the monthly dinners are now given at the University Club.

Sixteen members of the club write verses. The sixteen are admitted solely for this quality, and their verses are often published in the magazines of the country—but the verses must be read aloud before the Pegasans before they are sent out for acceptance by an editor. Each member is pledged to read before the club whatever verse he writes; and it is the privilege and dear delight of the members to criticise the verses as strongly as they wish.

The method of examining applicants is this: At a dinner, a member proposes a friend for admission. He must give no name—no hint of who the person is. Then the President asks him to read the verses prepared by the applicant. He reads them aloud and, finishing, puts them on the table. The other fifteen thereupon pounce on these application papers, and do with them as they will. Each member gives his opinion of what the verses are worth. The criticisms are recorded. If the verses pass, the member who submitted them is informed of the verdict. He then announces the name of the successful candidate, and brings him to the next dinner, where he is received with great joviality.

No member who himself prepares verses for the club is allowed to read them himself. Some one else is appointed and no hint of the authorship is given to the club. The man who wrote them may sit in safe silence, listening to the criticisms.

Only men are admitted to the club; and only those who live in Philadelphia.

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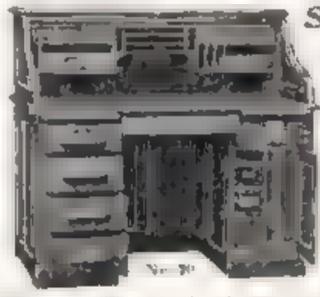

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Tales of Many Trades

No. 1
The Luck of the Road

By Egbert P. Watson

THE life of a traveling man, who makes a living by taking orders for merchandise, is an arduous one, and if faithfully followed demands great sacrifices. None but able-bodied men can endure the strain of constant talking, walking, and almost uninterrupted railway and steamboat travel, for there are no intervals of ease or idle lounging. So soon as the business in one place is concluded the traveling man is off for the next on his route, at any time of the day or night. Sunday is the only resting time that he has. If his route is close by his home, within a night's journey, he can see his family weekly, but in a majority of cases this is not so and men are often away from home for several months at a time. All this is quite contrary to the popular view of a traveling man's life. Most people have an idea that it is one uninterrupted round of sight seeing and life at first-class hotels at no personal expense. There never was a more egregious mistake than this; as for sight seeing, all places look alike to the traveling man. It was years before I saw Niagara Falls, although I was in Buffalo, comparatively close to it, hundreds of times. There was no time to play.

Traveling men are paid for their services in three ways: by salary alone, by salary and commission, and by commission only, according to the nature of their contracts. Those who work on commission only make large sums and bear their own expenses. Such men may have had small businesses of their own, and have been crowded out by the competition of firms with larger capital. Such men can retain their own personal acquaintance and customers and make more money by selling on commission entirely. Those who work on salary and expenses are just as hard workers as those who have nothing but what they can get from one day to another. They do not deceive themselves in any respect, knowing full well that their accounts of sales are closely reviewed and their expenses mercilessly overhauled.

Many high-class travelers will not work upon any but a commission basis, for the good reason that, under this arrangement, they are their own masters, and come and go as they see fit. They keep no office hours when off the road, and cannot be ordered here, there and everywhere at the whim of some jack-in-office. They work when they choose, and know when it is useless to go out, or when there is a chance to sell goods. As a rule their profits are large, so great, in fact, that many of them are offered shares in the business, or what might be considered enormous salaries. Such places as these are not to be had for nothing; the occupants of them have made them their own by their methods, for from whatever cause they may sunder relations with firms, they take their trade with them.

For many years, when I was younger than I am now, I traveled in a certain line of trade all over the country upon a salary and commission basis. The salary was, in itself, a handsome one—by far larger than is now paid for a similar service; the expenses were anything I chose to make them, and passed unquestioned.

I engaged with a firm for one year through a very singular incident. Standing on a railway platform one windy November day, a half sheet of a New York daily paper came whirling toward me. Instinctively I put out my hand and caught it, when the very first advertisement that struck my eye was a call for a man in a trade in which I was an expert. "That means me," I said to myself and I wrote to the advertisers. Inside of a week I was on the road for them. All went well so far as the principals were concerned, but after a little while I observed a singular coolness toward me on the part of the other officers of the concern, which increased as time went on. I set myself to work to find out the cause of it, and soon discovered that I had taken the place of a man who was a great favorite with all the men in the factory, and the officers as well, but who was not satisfactory to the firm. This did not matter greatly, for I was not on the premises much, but I resented the injustice of it and got all the orders I could. As this was a great improvement over the previous conditions of things, for I kept all hands driving, the head bookkeeper told me one day that I was "a hustler from Hustlerville," and I was, thereafter, in much better favor with all hands.

Across the street there was another concern, keen business rivals of ours, in the same line, of course, and very little went on in one place that was not immediately known in the other. Orders from this person or that one, both in quantity and character, were immediately known in both offices. It was impossible to stop this leakage, because the men of the two concerns fraternized, and boasted to one another of their great activity and prosperity. All this time it seemed singular to me that I never ran across the discharged traveler's tracks; but subsequently I found out that our shipping clerk, an intimate personal friend of the old traveler (whom I shall designate in this narrative as Mr. Bixby), kept him accurately informed of my whereabouts, so that he could arrange to be in the opposite direction. January 1 was approaching, and as my contract was nearly up I wanted to know whether I was to be retained or not, but the firm made no sign and I kept at work. February 1 came, and I was passing through the works when the principal came out of his private office and invited me to a conference. The purport of it was that Mr. Bixby was to return and assume his old position, and I was asked to resign. No cause of dissatisfaction existed, I was assured; it was simply a resumption of relations with Mr. Bixby, for he had been in the firm's service a long time, and had been displaced only because of a misunderstanding, which had since been cleared up. The principal handed me a check for a month's salary in lieu of notice.

I walked across to the firm on the opposite side of the street and asked to see the principal. He responded at once with an invitation to come into his own room, and as he knew me no time was lost in preliminaries. "I understand," I said, "that Mr. Bixby is leaving you to take up his old place!"

"Yes," said the principal, "he is, and he is playing us a mighty shabby trick. He got on the track of a large order for goods and has about closed it, but not wholly. He wanted to find out what old Hunks, across the street, would give him in commissions over what we give him. Evidently he has a better offer."

"Would you mind telling me where the order is about to be given, or who it is that wants the goods?" I asked.

"Of course I will tell you. It is the Bolt and Washer Company, of Washerville, one of the largest, if not the largest, in the country," said the principal. "The order amounts to over $32,000, and we don't feel very nice over the way Bixby has treated us, and the certainty, almost, of old Hunks getting it."

"How would you like to have me in Mr. Bixby's place?" I asked.

"First rate," said the principal; "I make all the appointments and know your record. Are you acquainted with the Bolt and Washer people?"

"I know some of them," I said.

"Go right up there now, this moment; don't lose a train. You have just time to get

Editor's Note This is the first of a series of true stories of business. Readers of the magazine are invited to submit brief tales of business life.

A Word with the Editor

DURING the present session of Congress the magazine will contain fortnightly articles on National affairs by the former Postmaster-General,

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To follow The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop: A New Serial, entitled

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A trading-post in the far Northwest is the scene of this charming love story. It is virtually the capital of the vast wilderness which is ruled by the factor of the Hudson Bay Company, and hunted by his halfbreeds and Indians. Ned Trent, the hero of the tale, is a daredevil young Englishman, who, for pure love of adventure, becomes a "free trapper," and hunts and barters on the preserves of the company. Trent comes to the post to taunt and defy the factor, and is in a fair way to meet the usual fate of intruders there, when he falls in love with the old man's daughter, Virginia. The story gives an admirable picture of a little-known people and a little-known land.

By Stewart Edward White

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the 9 A. M. express from the Grand Central, and will have all the afternoon to stay with them. Make any price you like, even to cost, but get the order—that's the only thing I care about."

It is necessary to go back to complete this narrative.

Standing on the steps of the Tremont House in Boston one afternoon, considering which direction to take for an after-dinner walk, I happened to glance down the street, where to my amazement I beheld a gentleman clinging to a railing with the grip of a drowning man; his hat toppled to its fall and his legs were wholly useless. As I looked further I saw it was a man whom I had often met in my travels and had a bowing acquaintance with, so I rushed to the rescue as fast as I could go, and got at him just in time to prevent him from falling prone. Calling a carriage, I bundled him in like a sack of oats, and took him around the back way to the ladies' entrance, for he was staying at the Tremont House also. Getting his key from the clerk, who knew me well, we soon put him to bed, a very helpless man. I stayed by him for several hours, until he was safe to leave, and then went to my own room. The next day the incident had passed out of my mind; but the man came up to me as I was leaving the breakfast-room and thanked me earnestly for the service I had rendered him. He said that he had long had a weakness of the heart, and had suddenly been taken with a fainting turn.

I reflected on the way to Washerville how I could possibly keep that order from going to Hunks, but not discovering any particular plan for the campaign that recommended itself I resolved to trust to the chances of the moment at my interview with the Bolt and Washer people. Arriving at their office I inquired for the Treasurer and was ushered into his office; he at once arose from his chair and holding out both hands greeted me warmly. He was my friend of the Tremont House! Without touching upon foreign issues I stated the nature of my business with him, and related all the details of the shuffle between myself and old Hunks. To this he listened attentively, saying at the close: "It seems to me that you have the best end of it; I did not know that you were in Bixby's place, or that he proposed to change the makers of the goods we are to order!"

"Then you haven't actually given out the contract!" I exclaimed.

"No," said the Treasurer, "but I virtually promised Bixby that he should have it. That, however, was under entirely different conditions. The firm he was with makes exactly the grade of stuff that we need; our people know just how to handle it, and can get the same class of goods out of it every time, and I don't at all like his attempt to shift another make upon us without consulting us. Moreover, I haven't forgotten your friendly offices of a few months ago, and I shall be glad to hand you the contract if you will accept it."

Of course I "accepted" it, and thanked my lucky stars that I had played the Good Samaritan to some purpose. Scarcely had I got back to my hotel when I saw the General Superintendent of our works entering. I saw him before he saw me, and I at once sat down in an armchair and assumed an air of idle unconcern. The Superintendent walked up with an anxious air, greeted me curtly and said: "I thought I had better follow you up about this matter of the Bolt and Washer people, because I know them very well, and we have got to have that order by hook or crook. Have you been up to see the Bolt and Washer people?"

"Yes," said I, "I saw the Treasurer all right, but I am not going there again."

"How is that?" asked the Superintendent.

"There is no use of your going there, or any one else now," I replied.

"Then Bixby has got it, eh?"

"No, sir, he hasn't got it," said I, "but we have;" and I threw the contract into the Superintendent's lap for him to look at. He was a "potent, grave and reverend seignior," well along in years. For a moment he gazed at the paper before him, saw that it was in due form, and then, without a word, arose from his chair and grasping the skirt of his ulster executed a pirouette up and down the corridor until he was out of breath. That was his way of expressing his satisfaction at the result of my mission. When we got back to the works he said he would give something to see old Hunks' visage at the moment, and Bixby's, too, on account of the unexpected turn of affairs. Doubtless both of them felt that the old adage, "Nothing is so uncertain as a dead sure thing," had some foundation in truth.

Bombarding the Western Skies

OF THE original "public domain" there still remains unoccupied a very considerable part, comprising large areas in Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Oklahoma, and other States and Territories. Unfortunately, most of this is too arid for agriculture. By the help of irrigation, great areas, otherwise unavailable for cultivation, have been transformed into veritable gardens, but other regions, covering hundreds of thousands of square miles, may never be made useful to the farmer because, as has been proved by careful investigation, the total rainfall, if every drop of it could be utilized, would not be sufficient to water more than one twentieth of the land. If this fact could have been realized a few years ago, an immense amount of suffering and money loss would have been avoided.

Until very recently there existed a lamentable ignorance in the East as to the conditions existing in arid parts of the West. There has even been a reluctance on the part of the public to admit that any portion of the United States could be unproductive. The treelessness of the great plains was frequently declared to be due to the Indians, who were supposed to be addicted to the practice of burning the forests. Indeed, it was actually imagined by some that rainfall would necessarily follow settlement. If people would move out into that part of the country, there must be rain. Anyhow, they could plant trees, which, it was believed, would bring rain. But in the arid regions trees cannot be made to grow.

With the extermination of the buffalo came the final conquest of the Indians of the plains. In 1874, the Comanches and Kiowas, who composed the hostile barrier as far north as Western Kansas, were reduced to submission, and at the same time the Cheyennes and Sioux were humbled. Then followed a great rush into the arid belt. Thousands of good houses were put up, and vast areas were surrounded with wire fences. Many people put their dwellings on wheels and moved them bodily into the new country. Crops were planted, and all signs seemed to point to prosperity.

The crops, indeed, grew beautifully in April and May, but in June and July hot winds dried them to a crisp. Naturally, great suffering followed and the plucky homesteaders, after two or three years of struggle, were compelled to abandon the farms.

When the distress came, appeals for help were made to the Government. Claims were actually presented in Congress which asserted that, Uncle Sam having given the land to the settlers, it was the duty of the Government to water them and thereby make them habitable. Hence it was requested that the Government establish irrigation works on a large scale.

Finally, the situation being desperate, it was demanded that a bombardment of the skies be undertaken for the purpose of producing artificial rain. In 1892, Congress appropriated a large sum to carry out this scheme, and $7000 was spent in an experimental effort in Western Kansas. Explosives enough to stock a fair-sized volcano in active operation were shipped to that region, as well as sixty balloons, one hundred huge kites, a freight-car full of wooden mortars to fire bombs, and other apparatus. An arid plain was selected and the mortars were planted across it for a distance of about two miles. At suitable intervals of space the balloons were arranged for ascension, and a flight of kites was let loose.

The balloons were filled with one-third oxygen and two-thirds hydrogen, and each one was sent up under control of a double wire. When they reached the desired height, they were ignited by electric sparks, and the oxygen and hydrogen in them suddenly combined with terrific explosions, the two gases uniting to form water. At the same time, the kites, carrying loads of dynamite, were set off in similar fashion, and the mortars were all fired to add to the din. It was the theory of the men in charge that there was plenty of moisture in the upper air, and that the explosions would make a vacuum in the atmosphere, into which the moist particles would rush, causing condensation and precipitation. Unfortunately, however, the experiments were a total failure.

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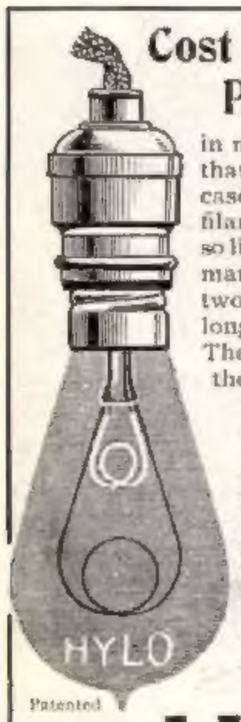

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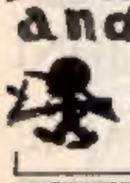

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THE WAR CRY OF GERMAN EMPIRE IN THE EAST

(Concluded from Page 4)

But now these elements have disappeared. Conditions have changed. The inventive genius of Americans, which produces every day miracles of mechanism and machinery, the intense nervous activity of the American workingman, his acute and comprehensive intelligence, the marvelous combining and organizing ability of American capital, the vast resources of American farms and mines and mills compared with which those of England are very moderate indeed—all these and many other considerations familiar to every man have enabled America to compete with England not only in the markets of the world but right in the heart of London itself. On the other hand, the polytechnic schools of Germany, the patient endurance of the German workingman, the persistent and intelligent efforts of German capital and the driving and directing power of the German Emperor—all focused upon a policy of foreign trade—have made Germany a successful competitor of England even in England's own Crown colonies. So that the reasons why England was for open doors and free ports a quarter of a century ago have now disappeared. And if she continues in favor of them she does so for other reasons than those which caused her to adopt that policy in the first place. So it is not believed that England will insist on an open door in China provided she can have the exclusive trade of the Yangtse Valley; at least, she will not insist upon the open door policy much longer.

It is noted with keen regret that English commerce and English policy in China seem to be going to pieces. It is expressive of the sturdy honesty of the English character (and the "bottom" and intrinsic worth of English character will save her at the last) that no one is so ready to recognize this fact, or even tell of it, as are the Englishmen themselves who live in China. Two years ago an American, untraveled and uninformed at first hand on conditions in the East, and who therefore believed that the only vigorous power in China was England, observed with surprise and almost consternation the too evident decline of British commercial and political influence in the Celestial Empire. The increase in this decline, upon a reinvestigation of Chinese conditions two years later, was startling. It is very hard to define it, but you will know it the moment you land. There is an atmosphere of drugged and cocained inactivity. There is a loss of heart which some attempt to conceal by boastful words; but time and again the writer has, upon more intimate acquaintance with the most outspoken boaster, found him frankly admitting the strange torpor which seems to have come over English policy and British activity in the Far East. One of the very highest military authorities said: "I confess I don't know what our policy is out here. I do not believe anybody knows." "Oh," said another—"Oh, for the days of Disraeli!"

England's Decline in the East

It has been noted before that English shipowners are selling out their lines. The Peninsular and Oriental Company must soon renew its fleets or be so outdistanced by the North German Lloyd Company that it cannot afford to remain in the contest. The sale of English ship-lines causes a sort of commercial paralysis visible not only to the heads of great commercial houses but to the humblest clerks. Said the first officer of a great Japanese merchant vessel (he was an Englishman, born in New Zealand, and more imperial than a Londoner): "I do not know what is the matter with our people. They do not seem to see, when they sell out a ship-line and the German buys it, that he has not only got the ships of that line but has secured the carrying trade that goes with it. And it then becomes just as hard for the former English owner to introduce a new line as it would have been for the German to begin competition against the established English line. When our people sell out their ship-lines they cannot replace them. They have lost not only their ships; they have lost the trade which goes with those ships, and not only that but the prestige, too. They seem to be blind. I actually think of taking a trip to England just to see with my own eyes what is the matter with the English people."

This was the shrewd, practical observation of a thoroughly up-to-date English sailor.

Whatever is done as to a world policy with reference to the future of China will not be done upon the initiative of Great Britain, unless a change in British policy takes place; and any one who leans on that expectation will find himself reclining on a broken reed unless a change occurs soon in the British Government's spirit and purpose. The most earnest of England's friends can only hope and pray for this change. (The recent treaty between Japan and England is an apparent evidence that this change in British spirit in China has come. But England has so long been without a forceful Chinese policy, Germany and Russia have so long been given uninterrupted right of way and have come so thoroughly to believe themselves the only Powers that "do things" in the Celestial Empire, that the observer is cautious about accepting this treaty as evidence of a permanent revival of the old-time British clear-headedness, courage and fighting forcefulness in the Orient.)

A World Agreement as to China

A simple, not difficult, and comprehensive policy ought to be agreed upon, and could be agreed upon, by three or four of the leading nations of the world. It would involve the effective reorganization of the Chinese Empire upon simple and natural lines. Perhaps this paper is not the place to discuss the methods which should be employed or the reforms which should be inaugurated, but when the time is ripe it will be for the United States to take the initiative. When we reflect that with the "likin" tax really abolished (it is now supposed to be superseded by a customs arrangement, but in reality it is not) and the interior of China freely open to foreign goods (which it never has been), the trade of the world with China would increase to a thousand million dollars a year, and the great bulk of this trade would be ours if we should only take it, the tremendous importance of this subject, in regard to the future of American mills, mines and farms, is apparent.

But the questions naturally arise: Why is it that a people so numerous, so ancient, so industrious, so vital as the Chinese will permit their country to be carved up by the great commercial nations of the world? Why should Americans not keep their hands off, cultivate China's good-will, and increase their trade by force of friendship won by kindness? These are questions of first-class importance, and the next paper will be devoted to them.

NOTE—The above paper was written some months before the announcement of the Anglo-Japanese treaty. But a review of the proof does not lead the writer to a modification of the general views therein expressed. The open alliance with Japan is the first manifestation of diplomatic virility by England in the Far East for the last decade or more. Before committing ourselves as to its results, it might be well to wait and ascertain just how far it is a real alliance of blood and iron and ships and guns and life and death on the one hand, and just how far it is a paper alliance on the other hand; just how far, in a word, England means it or to just what extent it may be merely a bluff.

If it be true that England proposes to back this alliance with force, it probably means when reduced to concrete terms that she is convinced that, as the old German merchant said in the conversation above quoted, "Germany and the other aggressive Powers will never permit England to occupy the Yang-tse Valley as her exclusive 'sphere of influence.'" How she proposes to get the fruits of an open door in Manchuria or Shangtung, where the Germans and Russians control the railroads and can exclude her goods by the simple process of differential railway rates, is not clear. An alliance to keep the open door in China does not go far enough to accomplish much. As will be pointed out in a subsequent paper, it is just as important to open the interior, so that merchandise taken through the "open door" can penetrate inward, as it is to keep the door itself open. So far as paper statements and agreements are concerned, Russia, Germany and all other Powers have declared their intention to keep the door open. But diplomatic declarations, "paper" intentions, amount to little in the face of railroads actually builded and building and the concrete and tangible power that necessarily attends them. The maintenance of the "open door" is only the first step to the entire reorganization of China.

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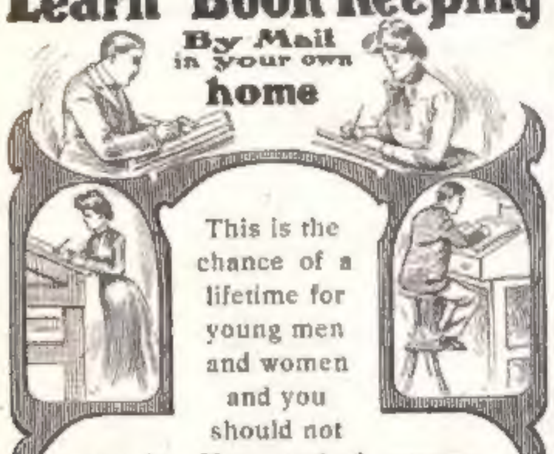

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A Woman's Washington

(Concluded from Page 9)

Robert with smiling pride, "our three red lights we've put up?"

"Yes, and I was puzzled. I supposed that some enterprising Senators had gone into business and I half expected to see a clerk issuing those mysterious little checks, but I learned that really it was the Senate's polite way of telling the House to stay at home and mind its own business."

"Well," said Robert, "the members of the House grumbled so every time they came over on our side and found the doors closed in executive session that we put up the warning to save shoe leather."

"You all seem to be working along on Goethe's plan that 'Change amuses the mind even if it is to no profit,'" said I. "I noticed another change. In the Senate, Senator Depew has left Cherokee Strip and has taken Senator Sewell's desk, and he seems to be as pleased as a boy with a new top. And that reminds me of an amusing thing Mrs. MacVeagh said the other night at a dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Depew and Mr. and Mrs. Wayne MacVeagh and several more, including Robert and me, were gathered at a dinner, and Wayne MacVeagh and Mr. Depew had gotten their heads together down at the other end of the table, and such peals of laughter you never heard. At last Mrs. Depew said to Mrs. MacVeagh:

"'They must be telling some extraordinarily funny tales down there.'

"'Oh, no, they are not,' said Mrs. MacVeagh knowingly. 'They are not telling anything funny at all. They are only both great laughers.'

"And then she wondered why the rest of us laughed."

Then I thought of another new thing I had noticed in the way of change at the Capitol. "By the way, I see that the pages in the House are all wearing badges with the word *Page* stamped on them."

"You see," said Robert, "since the House has taken to having mere babes in arms for members, such as Lever, of South Carolina, and Lessler, of New York, they have had to take some means of distinguishing members from pages. Some one suggested facetiously that it might be better to label the Representatives themselves rather than the pages, but a member objected to that, saying it would 'give a man away to the public.' So after much parleying the pages were the victims. You see, Lever is only twenty-seven and looks seventeen, and he has all the boyish spryness of a page. They say that Kennedy, the doorkeeper, when he spied Lever for the first time sitting at a desk, glanced nervously at the clock which was almost on the stroke of twelve, and then called from his doorway to the youngster to get out, and when he was not heeded he told Amos Cummings about it and wanted to know what he should do about it. Cummings advised him to let the youngster alone, for if he tried to eject him he might lose his job. And Heatwole, of Minnesota, saw Lever swing up and down in the aisle and called out to him:

"'Just you step over and tell Stephens, of Texas, I want to see him.'

"'Certainly,' replied Lever with a twist around his lips as he complied with Heatwole's command. Of course an apology was in order after that. As for Lessler, he's a veritable hop-o'-my-thumb. He's the man who defeated Perry Belmont. It is in his district that the Kaiser's yacht was built, and this little chap is mighty popular among those sturdy ship-carpenters and workmen. Lessler weighs about eighty or ninety pounds, wears boy's shoes and a boy's hat, but there the resemblance to a boy stops. One of the patriarchs of the House said the other day when they were trying to run Lessler in the cloak-room:

"'Sonny, if they torment you, you come to me and I'll settle 'em.'

"'Oh, I don't mind,' said Lessler good-naturedly, and turning to his colleagues who were deviling him, he said:

"'Perhaps you've never heard, gentlemen, that the choicest goods always come in the smallest packages. Napoleon was called "The Little Corporal," and Stephen A. Douglas was called "The Little Giant," and Stephens, the smallest man ever in Congress, was called "The Little Star of Georgia," and I am only little less——'

"'Ah!' cried his tormentors, seizing upon his words which were an unconscious play, 'We'll call you "Only Little Less."'"

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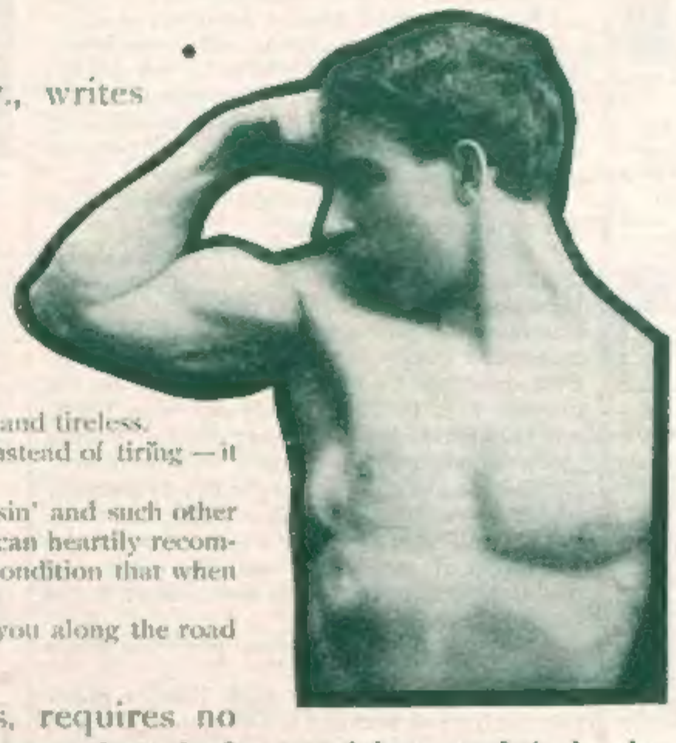

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